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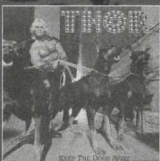
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magazine

regulars

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Greetings Discorder:

You hold in your hands the Jancember issue, the last issue we will print in 2008. Discorder will be going into a hibernation period before we come back in February raring to go. What you are about to read is really only relevant in December so if you happened to pick this up in January you might just want to turn your head slightly to the left and pick something out from the table of contents.

We're still celebrating our 25th Belated Birthday at Hoko's at 7 p.m. Dec. 5. It's an early show so you can still make whatever event you have planned for the night be it seeing the Doors last show with their current line-up, Nardwuar's curated portion of the Mint Xmas party or Mongrel Zines late-night party at the Sweatshop. You can find more information about the party itself on our ad on page 18.

We are also on the lookout for a new production manager. If you think you're up for the job check out our very formal ad for the job on this page.

We at Discorder much like many of the bands we cover will be taking a break for the holidays. There's always a bit of a dearth in concerts and albums that aren't something holiday-themed around this time of year. Though we at Discorder personally plan to attend some of the holiday themed local shows we will not write about many of them as it would seem a little silly to fill our

February issue with Christmas related writing. There is a little bit of Christmas writing in this issue as our Under Review editor was so infused with the holiday spirit that she took it upon herself to review this years mental Christmas offering.

On a more serious note with the recent Vision Vancouver, COPE coalition taking over at Vancouver's city hall the city might get some welcome change to the municipal bylaws that govern how venues are run. Vision's arts-and-culture point person Heather Deal spoke to me at length for an article on the prospective mayoral candidates policies with regards to Vancouver's music scene. The article never materialized due to a lack of mayoral support, but I was impressed with Deal's understanding of the issues. Deal spoke of updating Vancouver's dated licensing bylaws to make it easier to run venues. Vision plans on sticking with the Creative City plan which lays out increased funding for community based arts spaces. Vision already has plans to start an independent arts council to advise the city on policy, though it's unclear who would be involved or how they'd be decided upon.

Happy holidays and try not to do anything embarrassing this New Year.

Jordie Yow

Discorder needs a production manager!

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The production manager is responsible for:

- coordinating Discorder's work flow and production schedules
- correspondence with the printer
- working with the art director to create templates and style sheets
- typesetting, updating charts and program guide
- assisting the editor with the coordination of volunteers
- communicating deadlines and schedules to staff and volunteers
- troubleshooting all issues related to production
- general ass kicking

The production manager is required to attend Discorder meetings, and must be available the last weekend each month for production. When possible, the production manager should work from the Discorder office. The production manager will spend roughly 20 hours on each issue and be compensated \$200 per issue.

Qualifications: This is a demanding position that requires a serious commitment. The successful candidate will have highly developed communication skills, excellent organizational skills, and experience working with Adobe Indesign CS3. Experience with project management and/or the publishing industry is preferred. Knowledge of independent and local music, art and culture is an asset.

How to Apply: Please email your resume and cover letter to CiTR Station Manager Brenda Grunau at citrpmgr@ams.ubc.ca by Wednesday, Jan. 7, 2009.



RIFF RAFF

by Bryce Dunn

Last column of the year folks—my sincere thanks to all who dared to wade through my ramblings each month. To those who are seeing this for the first time, you've been warned.

Starting with the band that refuses to die, **Electric Frankenstein**, these rock monsters from New Jersey are large and recharged on a new split record with Torontonian powerhouse **Maximum RNR**. I had a conversation recently with a friend about who has been the better singer in Frankenstein since their inception—whether it was the raspy voiced Scotty Wilkins or the raspy-voiced Steve Miller. While neither possesses the pipes of **Pavlov** nor the voice of Miller and he definitely displays his chops well on "Life In Re-wind" and gives us reason (along with the rest of this quasi-legendary band) to believe that real rock and roll never dies. Meanwhile, over on side two, **Maximum RNR** doubles your chances of going deaf in just under five minutes with two blazing tracks of metal-punk boogie. Bolstered by Ian "C'mon" Blurton's finely-tuned ear for supersonic sound quality, "Turmoil" and "The Wheel" are fast, furious and full of bite. As an added bonus, you get awesome artwork adorning the sleeve of this gem from two of Canada's foremost purveyors of lowbrow art, **Darren Merinuk** and **Johnny Crap**, so this is one for both the collector and the connoisseur.

Thanks to **Deranged Records** I finally got my hands on a copy of the new **White Lung 7"**, and I'll be damned if it doesn't surpass their debut on **Hockey Dad** released earlier this year. **Natasha Reich's** guitar playing is crazy good, and I especially like the back-and-forth jabs between her and now ex-bassist **Gaby MacIntosh** on "Theory" while **Mish Way** shrieks like a banshee about a mystery man of inspiration named **Chad**. "Magazines" rides a speedy surf guitar lick with the rest of the band holding on for dear life, but thanks to **Anne-Marie Vassiliou's** steady and sure backbeat, the wheels of this wild ride stay on just long enough to ensure the jilted ex being slapped gets kicked to the curb with a vengeance. "Backhouse" is a live favourite of mine, and on record it's still just as volatile. Here's hoping this incendiary mix of post-punk aggression channels its way into more home-steads by way of this awesome release.

Also recently released by the same label is the newest slab from New Jersey trio **The Impulse International**. Influenced by equal



parts first wave punk and early '80s American power pop, it's evident right off the bat that "The Real Kid" plays like the **Jam** tune "Standards" with a nice mid-tempo groove completed with razor-sharp guitar and Brit-inflected vocal delivery. The flipside, "The World Hates Me," stands up quite nicely to anything that the **Beat** (Paul Collins, not English) has released to date. It's a bit more introspective lyrically and toe-tappingly good. I'm impressed enough to seek out more, and fans of **Elvis Costello**, the aforementioned **Jam** and power-pop peeps everywhere should too.

Finally, something sweet to end this off, and **Chocolat** fits the bill nicely. These Montrealers (who include former and current members of **Demon's Claws**, the **Cockroaches** and **CPC Gangbangers** in their ranks) churn out a three song EP sung in francais, but musically it speaks the universal language of good rock-in' tonight. The standout for me was "Johnny Depp," a bouncy, **Bo Diddley**-style rocker with some harp wailin' added for good measure. Not sure if the song is really so much about the actor/musician than just a good excuse to name-drop for street cred, but I'll take it for what it's worth. "Gabrielle" and "Charlotte," a pair of musical mavens more inspired by the hypnotic and languid sounds of the **Velvet Underground** and **13th Floor Elevators**, fill out the reminder of this platter and make me want to trip out on the sugar buzz already in place.

Here's to feeling fine in '09!

VD

Looking to obtain one of those fine releases?

Electric Frankenstein w/ Maximum RNR

via www.electricfrankenstein.com/contact.html
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White Lung
and the Impulse International
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Chocolat
via **Radio 81 Records**,
myspace.com/radio81records



Copy fight!

Michael Geist came to Vancouver to tell the B.C. Library Association how, for a few months in the summer of 2008, copyright law gained rock-and-roll status.

by Greg McMullen

This summer, we saw something remarkable. Tens of thousands of young Canadians got involved in federal politics, writing their MPs, organizing community meetings and debating the technical points of international trade treaties. In the end, Bill C-61 was killed by bickering between Stephen Harper's minority Conservatives and the official opposition, not by the impressive copyright rebellion spearheaded by Michael Geist. Why did the notoriously disaffected Canadian youth suddenly get involved to oppose something as decidedly unsexy as an Act to Amend the Copyright Act? How the hell did copyright become cool?

On Oct. 23, Geist was in Vancouver for the B.C. Library Association's Information Policy Conference, delivering a public lecture called "Why Copyright? The Fight for Canada's Digital Future." Geist joked that after his opposition to Bill C-61 started to garner national media attention, his kids actually admitted that their dad—a well-respected member of the geek blogosphere and Canada Research Chair in Technology Law at the University of Ottawa—wasn't so dorky after all. Joking aside, Geist was amazed by how quickly his Fair Copyright movement took off across the country, and how eager ordinary Canadians were to get involved.

Geist began by explaining how the movement was able to get so big so quickly. Digital advocacy—YouTube videos lampooning former Minister of Industry Jim Prentice, automated letter-writing forms and the 90,000+ member Facebook group—allowed people from across the country to get together and share their ideas, coordinating sophisticated real-world protests. At the same time, the Canadian government has been taking its first timid steps to real engagement with the Internet community, creating what Geist termed Government 2.0. Behind the buzzwords, Government 2.0 means that government is more aware of and responsive to what Canadians are doing on the Internet, meaning that online activism can be far more effective.

Geist's next reason for the reaction to Bill C-61 was far more compelling, and perhaps

explains why Canadians suddenly got engaged: our digital future. Over the past ten years, the Internet has changed the way most Canadians live their lives. We listen to music on iPods, create YouTube videos and before the RIAA's copyright lawyers got in the way, we made digital mixtapes—"muxtapes"—for our friends. We've uploaded over ten billion photos to Facebook, and millions more to other online photo services. We make Google Maps mashups to make sense of our cities. We study from online materials, work with online collaborative tools, and play in online worlds. Geist suggested that when the freedom we've come to expect online was threatened by the bill, Canadians took notice and fought against that threat.

That brings us to Geist's final reason that so many Canadians decided to fight against Bill C-61: the bill itself. Average Canadians who couldn't have cared less about copyright ten years ago are now running into sticky copyright issues on a daily basis. Rather than snooting out these problems, the bill would have made copyright an even sharper thorn in the side of Canadians. It would have left most Canadians liable for thousands of dollars in damages and crippled the technologies that we've come to rely on, from digital library materials for students to screen readers for the visually impaired. Canadians reacted strongly against a piece of legislation they knew would make their lives harder and less fun.

Geist concluded his talk by reminding the audience that even though Bill C-61 is dead, the Conservatives have made copyright a part of their new government's platform. Tony Clement, the new minister of industry, has a challenge ahead of him, but he also has the opportunity to be a hero to thousands of Canadians by fixing the problems with the bill before introducing it as his own. If he doesn't, he will face the wrath of Geist and his army of copyrighters, emboldened by the fate of C-61. Copyright may never be cool again, but we know that our digital future is worth fighting for.

VD



by Dan Fumano

Film Stripped

This year saw a new addition to Vancouver's Film Festival circuit. The very first Brazilian Film Festival of Vancouver kicked off on the evening of Oct. 22 at the Vancity Theatre, with the Canadian Premiere of *Os Desafinados*.

Written and directed by Walter Lima Jr., *Os Desafinados* (English title: *Out of Tune*) is a dramatic film about a fictional group of friends and musicians who come together to form the titular band in Rio de Janeiro in the 1960s. In pursuit of their dream of making it as a band, the boys in *Os Desafinados* eventually move to New York City, where they endure the hardships, poverty and insecurity that come with being struggling musicians and illegal aliens, and tensions between band members eventually flare up.

While the synopsis of *Os Desafinados* may look original enough on paper, when watching the movie one is struck by

the sense that one has seen all of this before. Many times. Done better.

Os Desafinados is set against the politically and socially turbulent backdrop of South America in the '60s and '70s, in the midst of a Brazilian movement that was exciting both musically and politically. This movement spawned the careers of groundbreaking artists such as João Gilberto, Sérgio Mendes and Antônio Carlos Jobim, artists who would go on to provide immeasurable influence over the following decades, in diverse genres and all over the world.

Bossa nova was also responsible for the birth of the Tropicalia (or Tropicallismo) movement, which would go on to inspire artists ranging from Beck to Cibo Matto, from Kurt Cobain to Nelly Furtado. Still, bossa nova is not overly familiar to a broader North American market (beyond perhaps "The Girl From Ipanema"), and this film could have been a wonderful

Os Desafinados (Out of Tune)

2008

Written and Directed
by Walter Lima Jr.

opportunity to bring this music and culture to an international audience. It's a shame then, that the movie fails to live up to the potential of its premise. *Que lástima!*

One of the biggest problems with the film is its pacing; at 128 minutes, it feels seriously overlong, like it's running closer to three hours. The narrative drags along because for every one or two engaging, interesting and believable scenes, there are a dozen cringe-worthy corny moments, familiar clichés and awkward, contrived plot devices.

The element of political turmoil could have made for a fascinating story, but instead the political subplot and action seems like more of an afterthought. The romantic subplot doesn't fare any better, even though the two leads are likable enough. Rodrigo Santoro (best known to North American audiences as Xerxes, the evil Persian god/king/transvestite from Zack Snyder's *300*) plays the brash, idealistic pianist Joaquim. His love interest is the absolutely stunning Brazilian TV star Cláudia Abreu, who plays the pixie-like Glória with appropriate brio, although she doesn't do her own singing, and the dubbing can be very distracting and off-putting during her songs.

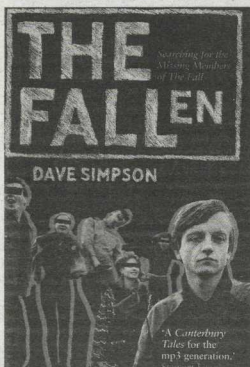
At its core, though, *Os Desafinados* is about the music. The performance scenes that are interspersed throughout are executed well enough, and the music is so good that it helps to sustain the viewer's interest over the course of the film.

Os Desafinados is so disappointing because it could have been so much more than a pale imitation of American music movie clichés and conventions. As it is, you'd be better served by just seeking out the soundtrack, or better yet, doing some research on your own into the music of Gilberto, Jobim, Mendes and the other masters of bossa nova.

VD

{Textually Active}

The Fallen by Dave Simpson | Published by Canongate, Sept. 2008



by Andy Hudson

Send a drum kit to a kid who can't play drums, and break him in with an 11-gig two-week tour of Holland. Wire band members' hotel rooms to play back their badmouthing next morning. Pay members irregularly, never mind royalties. Ditch your drummer when he misses rehearsal to get married. Ditch your guitarist, no forewarning, in an Australian airport and print his grinning mug on your next album cover.

Do all this, and put out 26 (or is it 27?)

albums of Britain's most jarring post-punk, and you are Mark E. Smith, lead singer and ego of the Fall.

Dave Simpson, a music critic for the U.K.'s the Guardian, got to interview his hero over pints in 2005, but he wasn't satisfied. By writing one little article for the paper, Simpson got hell himself on an absurd, years-long task that cost him his car and his girl.

To write The Fallen, Simpson did his best to find and interview the 47 musicians who played with the Fall until either Smith replaced them or they escaped to safety.

Flipping through it, The Fallen looks a bit like a stack of sports playing cards—profile photos of key Fall players mark most of the 36 chapters and Simpson tags each photo with a cute quote from his interview.

"I took a lot of drugs and was a bit of a nutcase" said original keyboard player Una Baines in one.

"He'd knock on the windows or sing through the letter-box" said multi-instrumentalist and longtime band member Julia Nagle.

Trouble is, the book's not as snappy as a pack of playing cards. The Fallen dells in places, getting repetitive as he asks nearly 50 people the same question—how has Smith managed to drive this band for 32 years? Some of the ex-members' answers are a bit

too soap-opera, a bit too he-said-she-said.

Music, at times, falls by the wayside. Simpson does have a little to say about what stimulates the Fall, besides lager and amphetamines—Krautrock, New Wave and Margaret Thatcher. Anyone new to the Fall might wish Simpson had set himself an even more Herculean, likely impossible task: to detail the history of every one of the Fall's 554 records.

And what about Smith? How does he feel about a journalist nosing through 47 of the skeletons in his closet and tip-toeing around his relentlessly anonymous Prestwich home?

According to Simpson, as Smith read the book at a local pub, he tore it apart, chapter by chapter, and fed it to a fire. Then he stood up and covered a few Hendrix songs with a blues band.

Maybe that's just a bit too harsh on Simpson. There are loads of characters here among the ex-Fallers who now drive buses, play improv jazz, drink herbal tea or investigate new mammal species. Fans will find this book a good complement to Smith's autobiography, *Renegade*, as a full study of the man and his fabulously nerve-wracked band.

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land of talk

It's Okay: Land of Talk's Elizabeth Powell Grabs Hold of What's Hers

By Quinn Omore

The first time I sat down with Elizabeth Powell, she was in a much different place. So was her band, Land of Talk. In fact, the throat ailment that she apologizes for ("I have to get surgery") is one of the few carryovers from our initial meeting over two years ago.

In the fall of 2006, a former incarnation of the band had just jumped on the small wave of hype that their debut EP, *Applause Boo Cheer Hiss*, was starting to generate. When I visited with the band before a recent gig at the Media Club, they were touring in support of their

first full-length, *Some Are Lakes*.

Their latest, a mix of new songs and a couple compositions resurrected from Powell's pre-Land of Talk past, builds on the success of their debut, showcasing the frontwoman's sharp songwriting. But, with production duties in the hands of Justin Vernon (better known as Bon Iver), Powell's gravely croon was brought to the forefront, something that she avoided on the band's previous release.

"I buried them because there was no producer telling me not to," she said of *Applause Boo Cheer Hiss*. "So I was like, 'Oh God, these

vocals sound awful. Double them. Triple them."

The result meant that at times Powell's vocals seemed more like another instrument, competing with the overdriven guitars for room on a track. By contrast, they form the centerpiece on most of the songs on *Some Are Lakes*. Vernon's influence can be heard on the finished product, and his presence is a big reason that there's an LP at all.

"We already recorded [*Some Are Lakes*] with [old drummer] Bucky [Wheaton], there was just so much identity crisis going on. I don't think I was capable of doing anything on my own at that point," Powell said. "So I'm glad I let people in to take care of it."

While Land of Talk was in a state of flux, Powell found comfort by contributing her talents to another act, a situation that lifted the pressure off her.

"I knew Brendan Canning from when I was like 15," Powell said when asked about her recent stint with Broken Social Scene. "My old boyfriend played in a band with him and Feist and he kind of always kept tabs on me—Brendan did—because he knew I played my own music. And he'd email me or we'd see each other on the street and he'd invite me in to do vocal stuff," she explained of previous collaborations dating back to Canning's days as a house DJ through to his most recent solo effort. The duties led to her assuming female vocal duties on a recent BSS East Coast swing.

After I jokingly called a foray with the Toronto-based supergroup a "rite of passage for Canadian musicians," Powell responded with a laugh.

"Being a woman in the Canadian music scene, you're already inevitably being compared to those people all the time. To actually singing their parts is almost absurd. Like, it's funny," she said. "But it ended up being the

best thing ever. It was the perfect time to be in another band and what a great band to be in. It's a family. That was sort of an unexpected, wonderful thing."

Since then, bassist Chris McCarron has also left the band (to join the Dears) while Wheaton's place behind the drums was briefly filled by two more temporary solutions. Andrew Barr is now keeping the beat while Joseph Yarmush, who originally signed on to photograph an older incarnation of the band, plays bass.

"I always wanted it to be 'a band,' like how I used to see Fugazi or Sonic Youth or Pavement: a very collaborative thing," Powell said when asked about the rotating cast of musicians that have helped her bring Land of Talk to life over the past few years.

"I guess at the end of the day, if I'm the one writing the songs and writing the lyrics and propelling things forward with my dreams and my vision, it would be kind of weird to make it something else," she said.

"I love my band," Powell noted. "But I'm taking ownership for something that, I guess, all along was mine, but I just didn't want to take responsibility for it, and that's my music."

The first time I met Powell, it was six blocks from where we met this time, but it's been a long, sometimes tough road for her from there to here. Still, despite losing a few things and a few people along the way, Powell's emerged, not unscathed, but certainly stronger.

"The positive note is that I'm totally realizing what Land of Talk is and that's a pretty cool thing," she said with a smile.

It's certainly hard to argue with that.

BY

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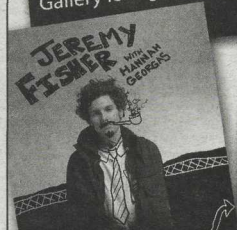


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Gallery lounge

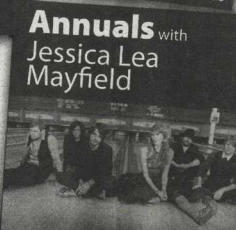
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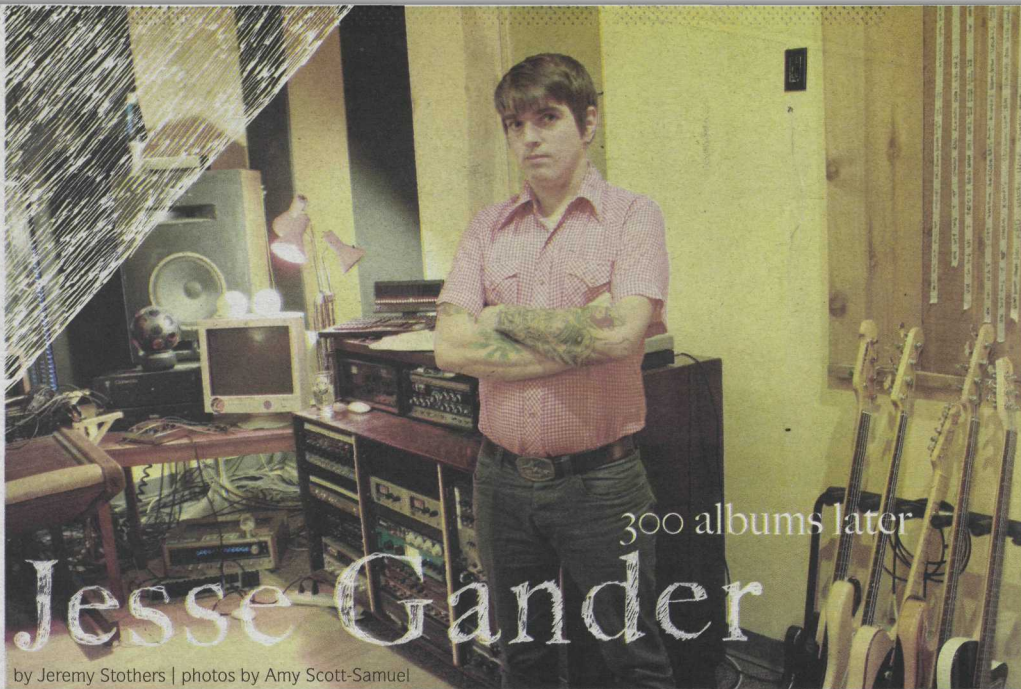
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by Jeremy Stothers | photos by Amy Scott-Samuel

Jesse Gander hovers over his wide mixing board, adjusting tiny knobs and tweaking the sound levels while a bluesy bass line thunders through studio monitors. He seems at home in front of the soundboard at Hive Creative Labs in Burnaby, and by all means he should be comfortable. Gander, who celebrated his 30th birthday this year, has been recording bands for nearly two-thirds of his life, and he's spent nearly every weekend over the past 15 years working with a band.

He's recorded hundreds of artists, including Vancouver punks the Subhumans, metal acts Bison B.C. and 3 Inches of Blood and indie favourites the Doers and the Pack A.D.

"I've got probably 2,000 hours of original music in my files," he said. "Man, if anyone wants to do a documentary of the Vancouver music scene from about 1992 until now, or when I die, I've got the soundtrack for it right here."

This year he recorded his 300th professional album, that's not including the semi-professional recordings he did as a teenager. "Time goes on and you don't really notice it, and pretty soon you look back at that list and it's like 'Holy fuck!'"

Among the bands that have worked with him are veteran Vancouver folk-rockers the Buttrick Chaps. They recorded their last two albums with Gander, but the Chaps' lead vocalist Dave Gowans has known him for far longer.

"We were always friendly," Gowans said. "He's been involved in a lot of great bands, putting on shows and getting a lot of bands to have really good records."

The Chaps recorded their latest album, *Cartography*, with Gander at the Hive.

"We went back and he had a whole bunch of new ideas," Gowans said. "He shows a lot of care in his work, that's why he has a great reputation."

And he doesn't mind helping out with more than just recording.

Gowans explained that on their song "Migratory Birds," Jesse Gander stepped out from behind the mixing board to lend support to the band.

"He played vibraphones with us," Gowans said. "He's a hell of a vibes player."

Jesse Gander's black-on-black outfit hung neatly from his sturdy shoulders. The sleeves of his V-neck sweater were rolled up to his elbows, revealing a smattering of punk-rock tattoos. His smile was slight but inviting, and he usually answered after short thoughtful pauses.

He knew he wanted to produce bands when he was about 11 years old, listening to Metallica's *...And Justice For All*. He played it back through his ghetto blaster, but couldn't get the

levels properly balanced.

"I sat there with the EQ, trying to adjust it so you could hear the bass," he said. "I figured that I could be recording it."

It all started with that ghetto blaster, a year later.

His high school punk band, d.b.s., named after a Danzig song *Dirty Black Summer* needed to keep track of their jams. Recording was the easiest way to do that. Rock and roll isn't like those more structured genres, Gander said. If you don't record a nice riff, it's easy to forget it. His band, like most other rock bands, rarely wrote down the notes in their songs. So if they weren't recorded, they would have been lost.

Gander volunteered to press the record button on his ghetto blaster while his band pounded away. At that time, it was simply a matter of leaving the plastic box facing upwards in the centre of the room.

"I've got probably 2,000 hours of original music in my files. Man, if anyone wants to do a documentary of the Vancouver music scene from about 1992 until now, or when I die, I've got the soundtrack for it right here."

As he was usually the singer in his high-school-aged bands, and therefore the only one with a microphone, the job of recording naturally fell into his lap.

At about 15, Gander picked up his first four-track recorder, an old Yamaha. He focused on recording d.b.s., playing down at Cross Town Traffic and promoting shows around town. The next few years were spent building up his band's P.A. system and picking up bits and pieces of recording equipment. He spent nearly every weekend recording his friends' bands.

His home recording of the first d.b.s. album sold over 5,000 copies, which is pretty good for a bunch of teenagers, he said. And when he was 15 years old, Gander recorded the first two "7" albums for anarchist-punk band Submission Hold.

"They were much older than me, probably in their mid-20s," he said. "I'd have to get my dad to drive me over to their house because I wasn't old enough to drive."

Also, Gander worked on those records with James Farwell, who now leads the heavy metal band Bison B.C.

Submission Hold toured the two albums across North America and Europe and went on to be reasonably popular in the early 1990s punk scene.

It was home recordings like that which helped get him a job at a studio; the transition from behind the microphone to behind the soundboard was smooth. The last d.b.s. album was recorded at Profile Studios, where he was given a job by Cecil English soon after. English ran the studio and recorded many punk bands including No Means No, D.O.A., and S.N.E.U.

"It was pretty natural," he said. "I learned to record by being recorded so much."

He quickly became a sound engineer in Profile's smaller room, which he re-named Rec-Age Studio.

After five years at Rec-Age, he moved into the Hive Creative Labs, which he now runs. It's an unassuming studio tucked into a sparsely populated area in the Northwest edge of Burnaby, a short walk from the Production Way SkyTrain station.

But recording hundreds of bands hasn't kept him off stage. He's currently the lead singer for the band Ghost House, and bass player for Plus Perfect.

Self-producing those bands has been a blast for Gander because of the liberties he can take with his own music. After all, no one knows what he wants better than himself.

But Gander, in his typically humble way, admits that he's been known to under-mix his own parts in the music. He'll put the bass-line in the mix of a song to make the music feel warm, but without putting his part high enough in the mix. Then his band mates will come in and tell him to crank up his bass-line.

The problem with tweaking his own songs is that in Gander's packed schedule, he can sometimes sell himself short.

"If someone else needs their music done by a certain date, I can pull an all-nighter. I can make it happen," he said. But with himself, "that's a different story." His projects can sometimes be pushed back for weeks or even months.

Veteran punks the Subhumans are coming into the Hive soon to re-record their 1980 album *Incorrect Thoughts*. They are going to approach each song as something entirely new and polish up the sound a bit, but not without losing the energy of the band.

He tries to capture the energy of punk bands by recording

them live off the floor. Gander shies away from cheap recording tricks, like copy-paste techniques, that make modern punk bands sound so polished they could rival pop-stars. And Gander tries to shake off old recording habits by approaching each album differently. When an artist comes back, he tries new methods to keep the record from sounding old and stale.

When Vancouver-based roots-folk band Corbin Murdoch and the Nautical Miles came back to Gander for their fourth record, they decided on a different approach.

"In the previous albums we've recorded them in a fairly traditional way ... But on the new one we're doing one day a month, for a year, and on that day we do everything—record everything and mix it. We start from scratch every single day. So every song will sound totally different because I will have forgotten what I did last time. We'll intentionally do things differently ... The album will end up as 12 different recordings with different states of mind, you know, it'll definitely sound unique. We'll kinda shatter our previous methods."

His taste in music is both classic and eclectic, the last five albums he's listened to include the artists Neil Young, Tinderticks, Social Distortion, Bob Dylan and the Ramones' album *Brain Drain*.

"It's not one of their best albums, but Ghost House covered 'Pet Sematary' on Halloween, so as I was listening to that song I figured I'd may as well listen to the whole album, and it's good ... I love the Ramones, they're one of my favorite bands."

The future holds exciting plans and lofty dreams.

Next August, his band Plus Perfect is going to Japan. "We got signed to a label that's half Japanese and half Canadian ... We got Osaka booked for the Aug. 17, so I guess we're going. I can't wait!"

"I've never been there, but it's been a dream of mine. They're just so hip."

Back in Burnaby, the Hive Creative Labs finished its first five-year lease, and have just signed another one.

"So for the next five years I'm going to be working at the Hive full-time, making as many records as I can," he said. "And I want to do some new records for myself too, some more stripped down music. I've been involved in playing some pretty dense stuff, like Ghost House has gotten pretty complex. I do want to strip it down and maybe do something folky."

He wouldn't mind trying out other studios around Vancouver, or travelling to a studio elsewhere in North America.

"After all that, the real future is: I'm going to buy an RV,

I'm gonna sell off all my recording equipment except for the bare essentials I need, and I'm gonna install all the recording equipment that's left into it. Then I'm going to drive down into South America or Mexico, and I want to record crazy Spanish punk bands. You know, Mexico City's got like crazy punk bands right now. I wanna go down there with my RV and be like, 'Look, you feed me and let me crash at your place or whatever and I'll record your crazy band for free.' I've wanted to do that for a while ... It may be an unlikely dream, but it's not a joke."

"Maybe, if I record a punk record that would actually reach Mexico or become popular there, then that would, of course, help me. I would have some sort of reputation on the scene before I arrive."

"But I've got the next five years to figure that out."

by



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lykke li

the hard-working
songstress with seemingly
limitless cool sucks in fans across the
human spectrum

by Jordie Yow | Illustration by Aisha Davidson

Lykke Li is one of those rare performers who can craft her songs in such a way that they appeal to a wide variety of listeners for a wide variety of reasons.

But before we get into that, we should go over the basics. Li Lykke Timotej Zachrisson was born in 1986. She was raised all around the world by her parents Karsti Stiege, a photographer who used to be in a punk rock band, and Johan Zachrisson, a former guitarist in Swedish cult band Dag Vag (pronounced Dog Vog), who now gets by as a composer. People outside of Sweden first learned of Zachrisson under her stage name Lykke Li when Björn Yttling (from Peter, Björn & John) came on board to help produce her album, *Youth Novels*. *Novels* is a wonderful collection of pop songs, produced in a minimalist style that shows off her accented vocals. She sings bluntly about the personal in a refreshingly honest manner and offers an insight into the interior life of someone who seems to be strongly aware of her own feelings.

Or at least that's the impression you get from hearing the lyrics.

"I never analyze [the words I write]," Li admits in the 15-minute interview the afternoon of Oct. 28, before her performance at Richard's. "It would be narcissistic."

Li somehow writes her music without much internal reflection, and furthermore, with an aversion to going back over it again.

"You cannot analyze yourself," she said. "That's creepy."

One walks a fine line when writing bluntly honest lyrics. They can occasionally result in the listener feeling embarrassed on behalf of the songwriter, but Lykke Li avoids this pitfall. In her songs she reveals herself to be self-consciously shy on "Dance Dance Dance," (in which she says she dances to mask her shyness) yet shows a flipside on tracks like her diatribe against whining "Complaint Department" (in which she tells an ex to stop whining).

She's mostly self-taught musically. She claims influences from far and wide, such as Nina Simone, Edith Piaf and Joe Strummer, and she encored that night (as she often does) with A Tribe Called Quest's hip-hop anthem "Can I Kick It?" This group of musicians is diverse, but the end result of Li's music blends her influences so seamlessly you wouldn't even

think of them if someone didn't lay them out for you. However, this dissimilar group of musical cues allows Li's fans to enter into her world from all sorts of angles. Having a few shared interests with coolists of every stripe has done wonders for her career, as her songs contain enough little hooks to pull in just about any blogger.

Li might be even more popular in the world of fashion than the world of music; she has just as many articles written about her in fashion spreads as she does in those of the musical variety. At the interview, Li was wearing a long thick black jacket with a teepee on the left breast and a fur lined hood that would probably cause most people to overheat inside Richard's. She wanted to show it off after picking it up on Granville that day while indulging her passion for vintage shopping. She wore her blonde hair in a fashionable shoulder-length shag, and her face might be described as pretty, but it was hard to tell as her stage make-up was already thickly caked on.

The dramatic make-up betrays some of the forethought she puts into her live performance. The one word Li used to describe it was "Psychosomatic."

Confusing answers like this were typical of the short interview. A little bit of eccentricity can add to an aspiring star's mystique and Li seemed aware of this. She was unable to pull this trick on Nardwuar, however, who interviewed her right after me, but I will chalk that up to Nardwuar's amazing ability to simultaneously unsettle and charm his subjects.

What she said she meant by that one word answer is that her live performance is like a disease brought on by her own mind.

She did shake, but to be honest after she said that, I expected her to writhe like a mad-woman while she was onstage at Richard's. Her presence was more restrained than, say, Iggy Pop or Yeah Yeah Yeah's Karen O., but she admittedly brought to the stage an emotional intensity that few can muster.

Li's live performance brings out the dynamic energy found on her album. Her backing band is made up of three gentlemen who go by the monikers Cowboy Matthias, Jon Jen and Rudolph (Li said they did not want their last names divulged). Even those standing at the back of the packed room were drawn into her as she plucked



the entire audience's heartstrings.

A veteran performer at the young age of 22, Li was touring constantly well before *Youth Novels* came out earlier this year, and this appearance in Vancouver was the middle of another long tour. Her performance at Richard's was innovative, with the song's tempos shifting in a way that draws one in. That night in addition to her signature move, singing through a megaphone, she wore a huge amount of bling around her apparently strong neck from which she would at times pull out a kazoo on a string and play.

Like many Swedes before her, she sings in English. For commercial reasons, there's a much greater market for English-language music than Swedish, though according to their Consulate General Sweden is the third largest exporter of music in the world behind the U.S. and U.K.

Li also said she sings in English because it makes it easier to express her feelings lyrically, even going so far as to say Swedish is inadequate because "there is only one word for love." This is a confusing allegation because when I quizzed some other Swedish speakers about it I found out there are, in fact, multiple ways to say love. Though in general, there are

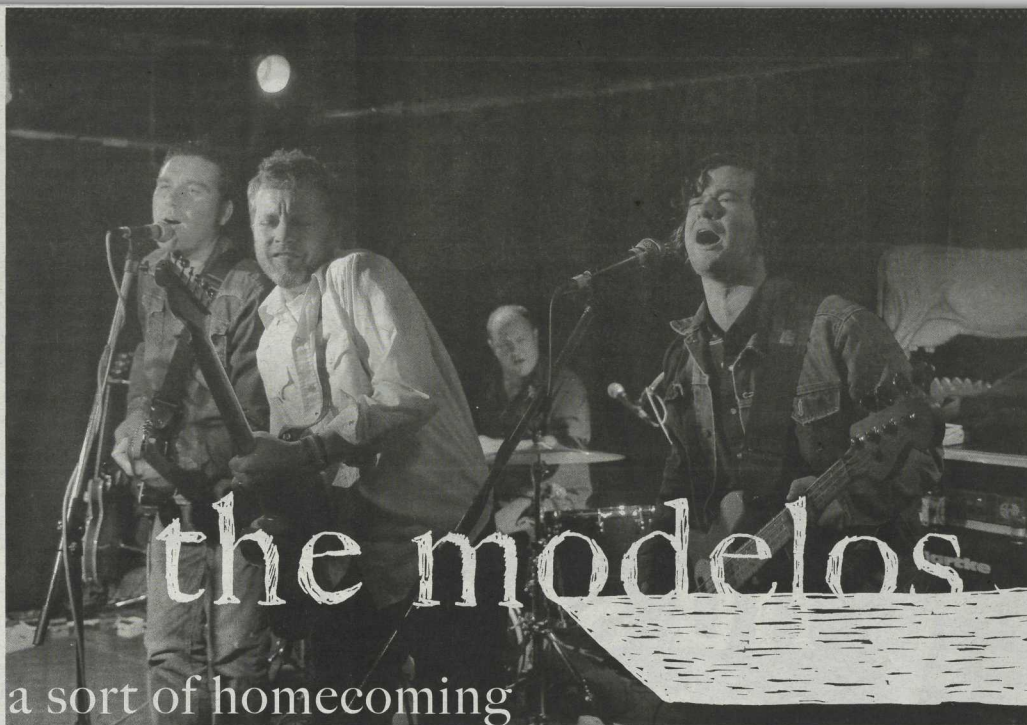
apparently simply a smaller number of words in Swedish than in English.

To say she is not very attached to her Swedish heritage might be a bit of an understatement—she is also looking forward to moving to New York when she finally finishes touring.

What one comes away with most is just how much Li seeks to draw on a diverse group of influences to give herself a wide base of appeal. From buzz band breakers to fashion bloggers and hip-hopers to punk rockers, everyone seems to be able to find a little something in Li's persona that they can draw on.

This broad fanbase will probably work wonders for her in the new world of niche Internet markets, as every blogger can come at her from a different angle and not feel like they are merely echoing one another. Li's star has likely just begun to rise, and if she doesn't get too exhausted to keep up with it, she'll be sitting pretty in a couple years.

JDY



by Melissa Smith | photo by Adam P. W. Smith

Separated from neighbouring Buffalo, N.Y. by only a bridge, Fort Erie, Ont. is a small border town. Both culturally and geographically it can be a rough place to grow up, with the cold, long winters of the snow belt finally giving way to the muscle cars, machismo and miniskirts of summer. It is also the birthplace of the two founding members of the Modelos, guitarist and multi-instrumentalist Mike Kenney and singer/guitarist Joe Rotundo, now residents of East Vancouver. Meeting me at the Main to discuss their newly released *Saddle Justice*, the band is only half in attendance, as bassist Brad Ferguson is pursuing multiple creative projects and drummer Geoff Hicks is currently touring with Colin James. Of the members present, Rotundo is the affable mediator with a barely perceptible cheeky side. And, the underplayed humour in Kenney's vocal delivery is so dry it occasionally recalls the desert landscapes often invoked by the cowboy-surf stylings of their music. Although the other musicians are absent for the interview, both Rotundo and Kenney are adamant that in addition to being good friends, they are also fully contributing members of the Modelos, as both develop their own parts and have creative input in the band. Hicks brought in Terry Townson as guest trumpeter, while Ferguson mixed the new album and provided the seamless sampling in second track, "Circle the Wagons." He also offered the painful-sounding screams for opening track, "Dominitrix." When I enquire if their recorded attempt to invoke the ghosts of an old west brothel was reality-based, Rotundo assures me it was improvisation, while Kenney deadpans, "Of course there was no shortage of that sort of thing going on during the recording."

Saddle Justice arrives three years after their first self-titled album, an independent release from 2005. For their sophomore effort, they have added vocals to their primarily instrumental sound and are now signed with local label Northern Electric (label owner Richard Chapman designed and also serves as the model on their current cover).

"We always did singing in our live shows so this album is more representative of what we do live," explained Kenney. Rotundo looks flattered but also a bit uncomfortable when I suggest I can hear shades of Bob Dylan in his vocal delivery, and admits that both he and Kenney are admirers of Dylan, seeing him whenever he performs in Vancouver. Like most musicians, Kenney and Rotundo are huge music fans and list

their influences from Tex-Mex instrumentals to punk, and view elements of their music as a sort of homage to both their contemporaries and predecessors. This sense of adulation permeates their closing track, a cover of "Tidal Wave," which was included after attending Dick Dale's October show at the Yale. In terms of additional inspiration, Rotundo espouses the theory that their music is also influenced by the Canadian landscape. How the cross pollination of two distinct Western American genres could possibly be considered Canadian is confusing, but I figure the pints must be going to his head and remain silent on the subject.

At present, the band has an ongoing residency at the Railway Club; the third Monday of every month is designated Modelo Monday, an arrangement that usually allows all members to play despite their diverging schedules. In addition to finding an audience at the Railway, recent newlywed Rotundo also found his wife Shannon, who is a bartender at the club. Both Rotundo and Kenney are very vocal on the importance of the Railway in their lives.

"We owe a lot of our success to the people at the Railway Club. Janet [Forsythe, who until last month, had co-owned and managed the club with brother Steve for 27 years] is very good, she's been very supportive. It just gave us a space where we can just do our thing. We often hang out there even when we're not playing," Kenney stated.

This ethos also filters through in other ways, with Rotundo designing gig posters for some of the bands performing at the venue, and also their album's inclusion of Railway alumni Debra Jean Creelman (of Mother Mother) and sound man/whistler extraordinaire D. Trevlon.

The band would like to embark on a springtime tour of Western Canada if their commitments and schedules permit it. Kenney has been the organizer for the Canucks for all of their home games since 2000, which he balances with band and child care duties while his wife Joyita Rubin (a classically trained cellist and bassist/vocalist for the band Onward, Voyageur) teaches school. Although Rotundo is eager to get on with the tour, he acknowledges it is easier for him as he does not have children, and the tour will happen whenever everyone is able to participate. At present, the two have the best of both worlds; they have built their lives as neighbours and bandmates on the West Coast, but periodically return to their

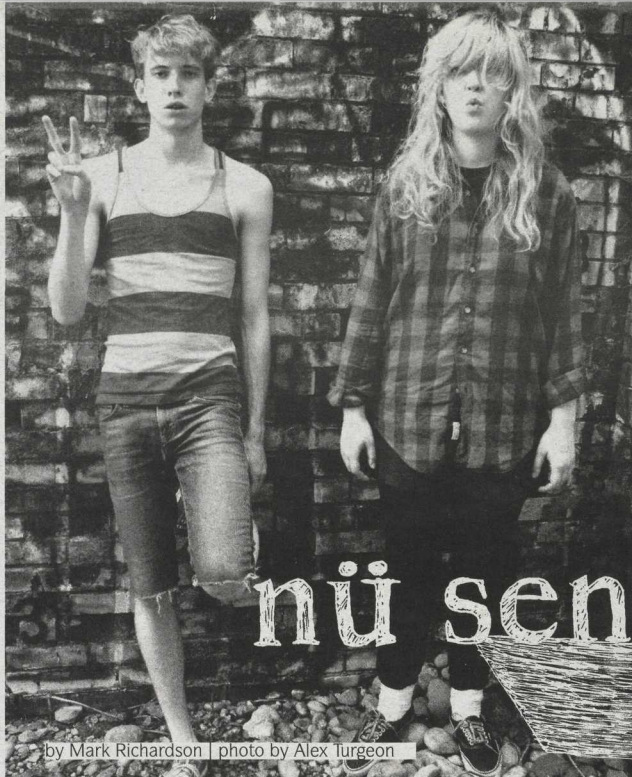
shared hometown as success stories, the comforts of familial abodes taking the place of hotel rooms when they come home to play. During the holidays, they will both return to Ontario to see their families and play a Boxing Day gig with high school friends who have learned their songs and form a rhythm section for such occasions, thus temporarily satisfying both Rotundo's desire to tour and Kenney's need for stability for his family. They return to Vancouver in time to play a New Year's Eve show with the Burtless Chaps and Rugged Uncle at (you guessed it) the Railway.

Kenney has to rush off home, but not before being an absolute gentleman and insisting on paying for drinks, even though he has barely made a dent in the pitcher. After he leaves, Rotundo reminisces about friends who died young, and voices concern over many of the people who are still living in Fort Erie, completely messed up by alcoholism or drug addiction. Even the ones who have lingered without succumbing to the temptations brought on by boredom and little opportunity perplex him. Although he respects their choices, he can't quite understand why they chose to remain. This is by no means a condemnation of where he grew up; in fact, each album contains a song to immortalize the area.

"I had some good times growing up in that area, and I put a reminder of where I came from on each album. *Hot Dog Alley* is about a cruising strip and *Death Ranch*, from the new album, is about a local boozecan. I had some crazy times there." Suddenly Rotundo's assertion that his music is influenced by the Canadian landscape makes complete sense. The thematic discrepancies between gritty border towns and the call of the ocean cohabitate in the internal landscape of someone simultaneously belonging to two seemingly incongruent worlds, but who has managed to meld them together into a discernible architectural structure. It is musical verité, a sort of homecoming in lyrical form.

The Modelos and friends play the Railway on Monday Dec. 19. All proceeds from the show will be donated to the Vancouver Food Bank and attendees are encouraged to bring a non-perishable food item.

by



art by Andrea Lukic

nü sensae

Casts a Voodoo Punk Spell on Vancouver

by Mark Richardson | photo by Alex Iurgeon

In many ways, Nü Sensae are a punk band. Sure, newfangled tags like "noise punk" and "weird punk" are constantly hounding the group and their cohorts, but c'mon, punk is weird and noisy by definition. No, for Nü Sensae, punk will do just fine.

Now this isn't to say the Vancouver duo are exactly what you'd call a classic punk band; rather, they're a group that takes snippets from the many rungs of the continuously growing punk ladder. Bassist/vocalist Andrea Lukic's guttural screeches can be traced back to riot-grrl predecessor/punk-rock scream queen Kat Bjelland of Babes in Toyland and Le Tigre. Drummer Daniel Pitout also takes a few cues from one of his teenage loves, namely the tribal thump of X's drummer DJ Bonebrake. Add in the duo's own twisted brand of theatrics, and they come out making a unique racket in a city full of punk bands bent on rehashing the past.

The pair takes these elements, wraps them up and hurtles them full throttle towards unsuspecting audiences—a tactic that sends some listeners careening for the exits, while holding others captive with the duo's self-proclaimed "voodoo punk" vibes.

"People have said we have a dysphoric quality. It makes people feel uncomfortable or they say we have bad vibes, an eerie feel," Pitout said. "Voodoo punk just sounded funny to us. It fit."

Nü Sensae began like many bands: as a thought in the minds of two high school friends. But upon graduation, Nü Sensae went from daydream to reality. After their first group, Maggie Gutwirth, dissolved Lukic and Pitout jammed on their own and found they only needed a rhythm section and Lukic's vocals to pound out the dark punk sound

incubating in their head.

Soon after—on Mar. 24, 2007, to be exact—Nü Sensae had their first show with Mutators, Shearing Pinx and Modern Creatures at the infamous Alf House. In their minds, the show was a disaster, though the crowd and other bands didn't see it that way and encouraged Nü Sensae to keep playing. Determined, the duo practiced often and played any gig offered, including one of the first Emergency Room shows. The band has since become a staple in the ER scene and contributed three tracks to the Emergency Room compilation.

Their close-knit ties with the already burgeoning underground noise and punk scene in Vancouver soon helped solidify their DIY leanings; and made the community that much stronger.

"There is a really strong community here. All of us are friends, all of the bands: Shearing Pinx, Twin Crystals, Mutators, etc., with Fake Jazz playing a major role," Pitout said. "The scene now has more direction and people find it easier to get into now."

The duo have started expanding beyond Vancouver's borders as well. They recently completed a West Coast tour in the U.S. that was booked entirely on their own. Thanks to groups like Mutators, Modern Creatures and Shearing Pinx, who have all helped carve a path down the coast, Nü Sensae had no problem setting up shows that drew large groups of kids out to see the latest Vancouver punk band—no booking agent required.

After playing an average of a show a week for most of 2008, taking part in several underground compilations and split cassettes, and releasing their debut LP, Nü Sensae show little sign of slowing the pace. The group's first 7" is soon to be released by the newly launched,

local label Criticism. The group also have a brief northwestern U.S. tour lined up.

For those looking to get a piece of the band right now, you can nab a copy of their debut full-length vinyl LP (or half-length—the LP is one-sided), which was paid for by saving the money from a year's worth of shows. Released on the local punk/noise/drone/everything label Isolated Now Waves, the album was recorded in a single day by close associate Nic Hughes of Shearing Pinx, and the band silk-screened all the covers themselves.

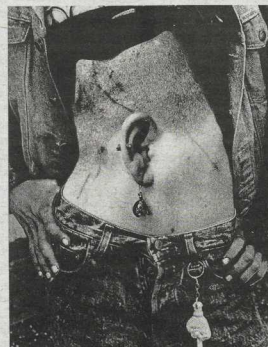
Even if Vancouver hasn't been the most accommodating city for the noisy underground, Nü Sensae and their brethren refuse to let this stop them and have created their own opportunities, whether that be setting up and play-

ing illegal venues or self-releasing their albums. As the crowds expand with every show, it seems the rest of the city is finally catching up to what has been bubbling underground.

"Vancouver's music scene is pretty diverse; it's noise, it's punk, it's everything," Pitout said. "I think this is because it's a small community of bands who are really into making music and playing with one another, and I think the crowds respond to that."

"If these [illegal venues] ended tomorrow the bands would still be playing music and putting out records. Everyone is great about doing things for themselves and not waiting around for things to open up. I think this says more about the bands than the venues."

by





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DECEMBER

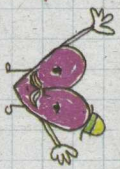
S M T W T F S

7 Sunday Jazz Jam, Kitty Nights: NYC Style Burlesque @ Baltimore Horrod Scaryoke @ Cobalt	8 Reggae & Ska Dance Party @ Baltimore	9 Franz Ferdinand @ Commodore Shindig! 2008 Finals w/ Hermes, the Sappers, Semis Winner #3 @ Railway Fake Jazz @ Cobalt	10 Fake Shark Real Zombie @ Baltimore Jason Collett @ Media Club Psych Night @ Atiza Amanda Palmer @ Richards	11 B-lines, Timecopz, Sex Church @ Honey Weirdness DJ's w/ Juvenile Hall, Haunted Beard @ Baltimore	12 Little Joy @ Plaza Vapid, CHOW, Murder She Wrote, THE REKKENING @ Balmoral The Cave Singers, Lightning Dust, Whalebones @ Richard's Defektors @ Pub 340	13 Hardcore Punk Food Bank Drive @ Sweatshop Gang Violence @ Baltimore The Paperboys @ St. James Hall	14 Sunday Jazz, Kitty Nights: NYC Style Burlesque @ Baltimore Horrod Scaryoke @ Cobalt	15 Modelos Christmas Bash @ Railway	16 Evil Bastard Karaoke Experience @ Baltimore	17 Fake Jazz @ Cobalt Spiral Stairs, Ian Moore @ Baltimore Independent Music Video Festival feat. The Hermit @ Railway	18 Collapsing Opposites @ Hoko's Role Mach Electric Band @ Honey	19 Dragonforce @ Creation Cultural Centre Evolution of Ska Music Part 1 (1960-1982) @ Baltimore	20 Awkward Stage, Parlour Steps @ Railway Bend Sinister @ Baltimore GR8 2000 @ Little Mountain Studios	21 Metric, Tokyo Police Club, The Dears, Sebastian @ Vogue Free Store @ Little Mountain Studios	22 Kid Koala, Kutapira, Afronaut @ Baltimore	23 Kid Koala, Kutapira, Afronaut @ Baltimore	24 Bilmoré Cabaret's Campy Christmas @ Baltimore	25 Bake cookies with family, mail to Discorder staff.	26 Miley Manville, Rodney DeCroo @ Railway Love & Electric, Omar Khan @ Baltimore	27 The Clips @ Baltimore
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december art by Zach Ingram
www.teamtreetops.com

SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

arriving upon New Year's Eve



1 Sleep in
deal with
hangerover

2 The
superstitions
@ Bithmore

3 The snake had
+ King William +
Katherine @ West Hall
@ New York
@ Bithmore

4 Gangs from,
withing the night
Boulton @ Bithmore
Hated because
@ Chalk

5 Positive
Done
Energy?
Dag

6 Out to stand
Kawake Experience
@ Bithmore -
Zappa - Zappa Zappa
@ New Club Theatre

7 Purple night
@ Amps -
Johnnie Time of
Paul Anthony
@ Bithmore

8 Jimi Crispall
+ Jimi Kravac
@ Honey
@ Bithmore

9 Evolution of
also Part 2
@ Bithmore

10 Strong Dave
withing! Play!
Husband! @
Bithmore

11 Skavengers +
Cool Band @ Bithmore
Gang from withing the
night Boulton
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

12 The Michael
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

13 Parallels
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

14 Paula Nelson
@ Bithmore -
Purple night @ Amps
@ Bithmore

15 Snow for
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

16 John Thelott
DJ Party @
Bithmore -
Kathleen Edwards
@ New Theatre

17 Overboard +
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

18 Gangs from
withing the night
Boulton @ Bithmore
Hated because
@ Chalk

19 White @
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

20 Cool to stand
Kawake Experience
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

21 Heretic,
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

22 The Michael
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

23 Taking Rights
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

24 San Death
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

25 The Economy
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

26 The Michael
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@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

27 Cool to stand
Kawake Experience
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

28 Matt + Kim
@ Bithmore
@ Bithmore - Hated
because @ Chalk

29 The Michael
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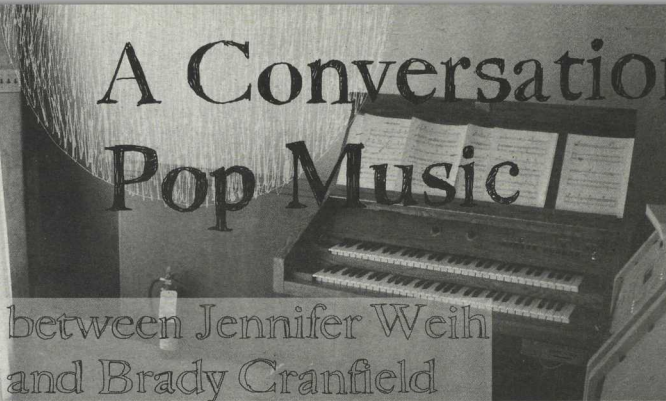
32 The Michael
@ Bithmore
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because @ Chalk

33 The Michael
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because @ Chalk

34 The Michael
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A Conversation About Pop Music

between Jennifer Weih
and Brady Cranfield



UBC's clocktower's organ
photo by Jennifer Weih

Jennifer Weih (pronounced why) is a performance artist who has been making UBC's clocktower play Dexy's Midnight Runners' "Come On Eileen" sadly at random times. Brady Cranfield is organizing high school students debating the merits of the Rolling Stones and the Beatles as part of *The Sound That I am Looking For*. The debate will take place 7 p.m. Dec. 3 at Emily Carr in the main lecture hall. We at *Disorder* had been interested in both of these events and were planning on writing about them in this issue separately, however when Weih approached us with the idea of allowing the two of them to interview each other we thought that was a pretty interesting idea.

Brady Cranfield: Why "Come On Eileen"?

Jennifer Weih: The initial impulse was to play a happy song sadly, for a number of reasons. I am interested in melancholy, and I am interested in the way that sadness is a social problem. In the end, it came down to a personal choice, which made sense in so far as the performance as kind of an inversion of the clock tower as institutional voice. And I really like "Come On Eileen" as a song. I have the completely uncritical celebratory blind response to the song. I am one of those people who jumps up and wants to dance when that song is played. I also think that it is a beautiful song, and I thought that it would become a sad song nicely. And then as I did more research into it, it has in its lyrics a really nice combination of references. The first stanza is about Johnny Ray who was an early teen idol in the '50s. A lot of his songs were about misery. One of the things that I am interested in with pop music is the way in which it is a social narrative that you invest in. I know that as a teenage girl I was really informed by the narratives in pop songs and the second verse is about disaffected political agency: "These people round here/Beaten down eyes/Sunk in smoke dried faces/They're resigned to what their fate is."

So there is actually a link in the text of the song between these different kinds of political situations. And then the refrain is just party party happy happy sex sex. And that's really what people know, so it kind of undoes itself, which I liked about it.

B: You know, there is something about the contrast of happiness and sweetness of pop songs in general, and then the mixed, often depressing character of real life. When the songs are happier it seems to me that it makes the contrast of the fantasy of the good life and the reality of the mixed life even greater. It kind of makes them even more depressing, you know like looking at a little utopia that reflects its absence. But pop is also a thing that does what it seems to do. It does make us feel better... Your first reaction to "Come On Eileen" is one of being a fan, of that enjoyment, and that is significant but it is always an ambivalent thing. Pop songs are a little kind of perfect happy utopia for three minutes and then you are back to the real world, or you move onto the next pop song.

J: It's like a little high. I feel [when] making a work about or

with pop music that some rendition or variation was my reflection upon that. Expressing that contradiction is part of what motivated the piece in the first place.

B: And a performance is an interpretation in action. So, you are highlighting something that is kind of an aspect of your appreciation of the song, which is its melancholy-ness, but what I found interesting in listening to your performance is that the song begins to become like a cloud. Pop music is usually uptempo to maintain the catchiness of the hook, which has to do with the way we perceive and the way our memory functions when we are listening to music. Because it does activate us as bodies, as well as things that think and have awareness and preferences, pop music usually is of a certain tempo. And I don't think it is just an aspect of the industrialized character of producing more of the same, but that it literally says something about the way that we are sensitive to music. So when you listen to a catchy tune slowed down and stretched out, especially on the carillon that has that long decay which lends itself to sort of weird distorted overtones, the hook vanishes and becomes collection of chords and a fragment of a melody that you have to work to remember.

J: In a sense it denatures or distorts the pop-ness, which to a large degree is a function of the bells (or, actually synthesized bell tone) which is in one way a relic of the church. The way in which the church bell was used [to] muster or frame a religious experience relates to the pop song as a fantasy that sustains you and as a source of social narratives. And then on the other hand, the public clock is in a way a relic from the days prior to the private time piece. Both the chiming of the hours and the marking of time facilitated the functioning of society—or organizing people's time, enabling punctuality, efficiency, things like that. The melodic blur, or fog, that emanates randomly from the clock tower is a kind of intervention into that.

B: Dexy's Midnight Runners, thematically and in real life, they were ideologically driven band. They had a sense of working class purpose and were all about manifesting in their music and in their lyrics a recognition of this working-class life in its minutiae—the everyday life which is all around that organizing principle of the clock tower or the workday or whatever. So it does make sense to choose that song, because there is in it a personal connection, and an interesting relationship with social history from the ground up.

J: I was thinking about the history of pop. It relates to the question of the form or structure of the song as a drive, but also the content as a drive. I was looking into melodrama and reading about its incipient days in the 19th century... One of its attributes was intense sentimentality. And then you also have a growing urban population, thanks to industrialization, and it's their lives that are being organized by these clocks, and they are going to their jobs, and they are getting some discretionary income, and they are going to the theater, and watching these melodrama productions. And now we have the pop song which is kind of micro melodrama.

Now that we are talking about social history this would be a good time to start talking about Beatles vs. Stones. Is that the title?

B: Yes, part of doing this was to externalize my own confusion. I find it actually really hard to think about pop music

as a medium for art making. It seems somehow compatible, but also not. You know, I love music and can talk about it, but it is also something that is difficult to discuss. Especially when you ask someone to explain their preferences. I really see it as something that people really specifically want to not think too deeply about so they can preserve this place where they just enjoy or just feel or whatever without any reflection. And obviously within those private experiences there is still reflection and they still understand, but maybe they don't fully address it.

[I am interested in] the funny juxtaposition of these two modes of production that never seem to be in the same place at the same time. Despite the interest in the art community for pop music. But you can't really theorize in the same way. It's hard to imagine it doing the same thing as an installation work, or referencing the same set of ideas.

J: About the debate, I was interested to see when I looked up debating that the structure of formal debate is about establishing differences. That was interesting to me because when I started to consider, well, who would I choose, Stones vs. Beatles, my fundamental question was really about broader similarities within pop music. And all these questions that we've been talking about and how music operates in culture in a broader way. So, I thought that the form of the debate was fascinating in itself—that has a particular application—the parliamentary debate, the legislative debate, the lawyer debates. It's a very institutional, professional skill that they are developing, that it's not about negotiating similarities but asserting differences, with a winner and a loser.

B: Well, I think you can kind of see my weird feeling about about pop music and trying to be true to that and thinking about contemporary art and trying to be true to that, in having a really formal setup deal with a subject matter that can't really be completely formalized. You know—"Vs." "What does that mean? We can debate it forever, and that is kind of appealing. I am interested in that process. I also want to see how the students want to address the question.

I met with the students and heard their initial positions. They were imagining a proper formal debate where a proposition is introduced as a positive and [a] response is developed as a negative. I encouraged them to think of it as instead, like we were saying as contrasting positives, that there is really no negative in this set up. And I encouraged them to consider not as just dollars earned or hits achieved but more of the symbolic or connotative value of the two bands...

For example, it's Friday night and you have a party. It's 9:30 and what would you play at that point to be right for that stage of the party. It just seems to me that the Beatles makes that a better choice for that part of the party than later on. Once the party is well under way, and people have consumed a certain amount of alcohol, and things are getting looser, out comes the Rolling Stones. Both things are good, it's not really this is better than that, it's just complimentary differences.

J: It's nice to imagine these high school students doing research, which is sitting in their room listening to Beatles and Stones music. It completely contradicts the formal fact collecting kind of research which a person is expected to do in such a situation.

>>cont. on page 18

>>cont. from page 17

B: Yeah, what are those facts? What is the information?

What is the content? What are the ideas? You're right, clearly it is a part of research. It really is.

J: When I first started thinking about it myself I was thinking in terms of social history which is this whole other category of what they could talk about. The different relationships of those two bands to what was happening in the late '60s, in terms of pop's ability to harness and translate and exchange and mobilize politics.

B: Well this is the great thing about this debate. Again, there is no conclusion, it's just sort of the energy of the debate ... Hopefully, they will expand into the social histories.

I don't want to control their work. For me when I think about the bands, I think about that stuff. And I think they are the most famous pseudo competition in pop music. And they both were part of a maturing media world. Especially on the part of the Beatles who were really savvy marketers. More than anything they really revolutionized how to market and how to make new things, and how to present themselves in different ways. Film—all the things that they did kind of gave birth to contemporary popular culture as a widespread phenomenon.

J: They were the first ever satellite link up.

B: They were always about a kind of avant-gardist innovation. They used all kinds of music concrete techniques, electronic instruments and all of that stuff. They were really very intellectual and the Rolling Stones just couldn't compete in that way. But what they could do better than the Beatles was somehow to just be raw.

Although both of them are complete constructions.

J: Are you going to limit how long they could go on? It could be 16 hours...

B: I am kind of imagining kind of 30 minutes, 40 minutes.

But these kids are hardcore. They know exactly what to do. They know how to be concise and well researched. I am excited about kind of letting them do the work.

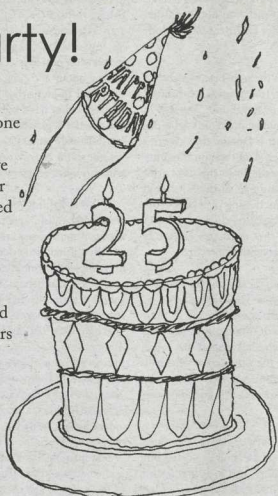
dy

discorder turns 25! let's party!

Discorder has existed for a quarter of a century and is one of Vancouver's oldest music publications. To celebrate we at Discorder are inviting our readers and all those involved with our lovely little rag to come on down to Hoko's. We are especially trying to bring in those from **Discorder's** past who helped us reach 25 years. Old editors and writers will (hopefully) regale us with stories about the magazine before singing a song.

There will be a giant cake.

It starts early so we can all come down have some drinks, eat, sing the Smiths (Hoko's has "There Is A Light That Never Goes Out") and still get out of there in time to see whatever fun concert you have planned (or go home if you don't like being out late).



Time: 7 p.m. - 1 a.m.

Place: Hoko's Sushi and Karaoke Bar, 362 Powell St.

Cost: Like the magazine, the party is free.



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the defektors

by Chris-A-Riffic | Photo by Steve Louie

Jeremiah Haywood plays bass. Evan Brewer plays drums. Ben Phillips plays guitar and sings.

Three fun faks [sic] before I start. I finally saw this band that Ryan Dyck from the B-Lines had been telling me such great things about—the Defektors. It was Halloween Black Sabbath cover night, and their version of "Fairies Wear Boots" transported me back to 1970s Birmingham. Second, Haywood told me that I played a show with his first band, Live Girls, at the Marine Club and Matt Good was in attendance. I still fail to recall. Lastly, they were supposed to play in a boxing ring on their recent West Coast tour. The booker had to cancel the show, citing "personal problems."

Discorder: Have you been in this band the entire time I've been seeing you at shows, not knowing who you were?

EB: No, this band is about three years old, and I've been in town for six years. Me and Ben are originally from Vernon. We went to high school together.

D: Was it slow going at the beginning?

BP: Well, Evan never played drums before.

EB: We played a show six months after we started.

BP: It takes six months to learn the drums.

EB: Our first show was at the Lamplighter with the Mutators. Justin Gradin [Mutators drummer] was from Kelowna, which is right near Vernon, and he left for Vancouver at about the same time I did.

BP: It's a boring as shit place to live. It's a college town and

public transit takes you an hour and a half to get anywhere.

EB: It's all vacation homes and retirees. There's no culture in the Okanagan.

D: The tour. How did it go?

EB: It was a bit of a disaster, but it was always fun.

[At this time, I was shown a photo of a show they did in California, and the only two people in front of the stage were members of the B-Lines, their tourmates. We all laughed. Then we cried a little.]

BP: The Smell in L.A. was pretty good. Le Face and the Friendly Neighbors played and brought all their friends. The furthest we got was San Diego. We got there and there was a sign that said "change of ownership," and they literally sold the bar that day.

JH: The very last show ended up being the best show. I sent an email to every band in Sacramento and San Francisco that I knew. Only two bands responded. They came over and they were fun party people. There's girls in the band. We finally got to talk to some girls.

EB: In America, I noticed there's not a lot of girls in the scene. Vancouver's kind of spoiled in that regard. There's girls that actually want to take part.

D: Recording onto vinyl. Are CDs evil?

BP: There's nothing inherently evil about it, it's just crap technology. Why would you even bother? When a CD starts getting scratched, there's nothing more fucking annoying.

JH: Think of all the CD players you've gone through in your life, and how many record players you've gone through in your life.

BP: And the packaging. It's a piece of art. To me, you got your vinyl and you got your iPod. Who needs CDs anymore?

JH: When I buy CDs, it feels like I'm just throwing money in the garbage. CDs are going to be gone in five years anyway.

D: What you think of playing the [Emergency Room]?

EB: It's fun. I think our best shows have been played there.

BP: It's a community, it's not a bar. It's run by volunteers, by our friends.

JH: And it really helped us. That's when we started to get noticed. It was just a good situation.

EB: You can guarantee that you can get 200 people in there. And it's funny that people will consistently come to the ER, but you put on a show at a bar and no one will go.

BP: Because no one wants to pay for high-priced drinks and deal with asshole bouncers.

JH: We can't put it on there too often. We are taking a risk every time we do it. We've pretty much been left alone. So far it's been pretty incident free.

BP: And it's not near anybody's house or business that it would matter to.

AD

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Tanya Tagaq Heritage Hall October 23

A diverse crowd packed Heritage Hall for conversation, drinks and katajjaq, the practice commonly known as traditional Inuit throat singing. However, at the end of the night, there was little tradition to be found anywhere in the room.

Nunavut native Tanya Tagaq purveys a form of throat singing that is rooted in the guttural growls and rhythmic chants of katajjaq, but sounds more like a symphony of samples culled from the arctic landscape and classical operatic performance. Tagaq's unique sound is imbued with the melodies of modern pop and the profound experimentalism of improvised music, a combination that's almost transcendent when channelled through her powerful voice.

Accordingly, the concert was a departure from the experience that most music fans are used to. Barefoot, yet dressed in what could only be described as a diva's gown, the singer began with a diatribe of sorts, letting the crowd know her feelings on contemporary gender relations, her baby at home in Nunavut and an assortment of other things most personal and disconcerting. With this personal baggage out of the way, she launched into the real catharsis that everyone was there to see.

Collaborators DJ Michael Red and cellist Cris Derksen set the scene, summoning an open soundscape of sparse beats and haunting melodies for Tagaq to walk into. With sharp, articulate gasps hurled from the back of her throat, Tagaq summoned the surging rhythms that would form the basis of the performance. Bursts of angry growls and explosive staccato wails began to fill the room as she jammed with Red and Derksen, manifesting a particular musical language known only to them. The group worked their way through movement after movement in this manner, traversing through darkness, majestic light and the warmest intimacy.

Tagaq played nearly every part imaginable throughout the night: stomping madly about the stage with microphone raised above her head, she was a warrior; whispering softly along with Derksen's cello, she was an innocent child; at the end, she seemed to be an old soul, introspective and filled with creative wisdom. The lucky crowd rewarded her and her bandmates with a much-deserved standing ovation, acknowledging a remarkable performance by one Canada's most gifted artists.

Justin Langille

The Notwist Odd Nosdam The Commodore October 24

There are such things as Notwist people. Taking cues from the genteel, intellectual heart of the band's frontman Markus Acher, Notwist folk tend to look like they could use a hug, a book and maybe some dancing in their living room when no one's looking. Most of all, they're looking for that sonic moment of bliss and catharsis made possible only by a German electronic rock outfit, which, through almost two decades together, has no doubt felt its share of pain.

On their visit, the Notwist didn't disappoint, making the cavernous Commodore Ballroom seem smaller and the introverted Notwist people feel less alone. The band's overwhelming temptation to pummel the audience with over enthusiastic glitches and proggy jams seemed hard to avoid at times, but

the evening's gems lay in its more subtle moments, such as during "Gloomy Planets" from this year's *The Devil, You and Me*. There, Acher and company let their guard down and turned their backs to the crowd, playing for each other and indulging in the endearing, hopeful melancholy that has bonded the band for 19 years.

Notable awkwardness ensued when lanky, bespectacled lead programmer Martin Gretschnmann whipped out a light saber near the end of the set and uncomfortably played with it. Nonetheless, Gretschnmann's stage antics were a welcome reprieve from the obnoxious dudery of DJ opener Odd Nosdam, who dominated his set with one-liners usually escapable by turning off CFOX in the morning. His San Francisco origins and DJ Shadow influences made for a promising venture in theory, but his frat-boy persona was so offensive that some Notwist supporters started shouting for him to leave the stage by the end. Disappointingly, Notwist vocalist Acher uttered few words during his band's set, but his infectious kindness lingered. More proof that the loudest voices aren't often the ones we most want to hear.

Jackie Wong

The King Khan & BBQ Show The Dutches & the Duke Biltmore Cabaret November 7

The King Khan & BBQ Show are all about good times—well, at least until they hit Vancouver, where there was an aggro contingent in the audience bent on tarnishing the show.

The night started off civil, yet bland. Seattle's The Dutches & the Duke were as cute as puppies with their sibling-like teasing on the microphones. This Hardly Art-signed group was hardly entertaining, though, and the muffled sound system didn't help the group's wimpy delivery of wimpy folk narratives. Snore zone: population these guys.

By the time King Khan got on stage, the audience was starved for rock bravado. The costumed denizens of quality surf/sludge-a-billy—Montreal/Berlin duo of Khan and BBQ (a.k.a. Mark Sultan) dressed up in ridiculous wigs and blouses—delivered raucous vocals, more leg than I needed to see, and more rock theatrics than you could light a guitar with.

However, soon I heard "This isn't a Limp Bizkit show," uttered by Khan, unimpressed by the audience's moshing and pushing towards the stage. And soon after that, I was amazed to see a couple fighting while Khan was getting going. I was even more amazed when the woman turned her wrath from her bearded boyfriend towards a friend of mine. Trying to separate the two, my Good Samaritan chin was now getting rained on with hockey punches.

After the Cro-Magnon couple were extracted from the building, things settled down for a while. I'd almost forgotten all about it when I felt something splash the back of my neck. Turning around, there was yet another bearded cretin with more anger than sense. This one was smashing beer sleeves on the floor, showering gawking gis' goers with shards of glass and alcohol. In an instant, the two of us were locked in a standoff caused by pacifist moi trying to put a halt to the ridiculousness of the situation. In the end, no bones were broken, just civility.

To put it simply, some audience members acted like jocks at a punk gig, detracting from the real focus of the night—King Khan & BBQ Show.

Robert Robert

Gang Gang Dance Marnie Stern Biltmore Cabaret November 11

You know, I'm not one for using tired literary devices when describing new music. However, there was a bit of irony in the fact that Gang Gang Dance and Marnie Stern, two of the brightest, most creatively gifted acts coming out of New York today, played the Biltmore Cabaret, one of Vancouver's pre-eminent dim-lit, cave-like basement venues.

Even though it was a rainy Tuesday night, I had thought that acts of this calibre might draw a bigger Vancouver crowd, but there was plenty of room to manoeuvre around the belly of the beast. Maybe an increasingly engaging local scene and the mainstreaming of sub-cultural tastes among some circles of music fans have removed the allure around performances from even the most innovative of the Pitchfork-approved set.

Stern took the stage first, firing off song after song of blazing, ingeniously sloppy compositions of guitar rock glory. Sporting a fashionable T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Upturn Bitch," she appeared genuinely happy to be playing and certainly made good on her reputation for unbridled virtuosity. The whirls and wiles of Stern's velocity freak anthem "Transformer" was the undeniable highlight of her set.

While Stern had looks that kill and riffs that shatter windows, Gang Gang Dance's performance brought the proverbial noise for the evening. The quartet crafted a lavish set filled with highlights from their previous records and their new, pop-inspired album *Saint Dymphna*, but it was how they started it off that really counted. The band lulled the crowd into their netherworld with a hypnotic, half-hour long rhythm jam that nearly shook the foundation of the Biltmore. Synthesizers buzzed and guitar noise cracked while vocalist Lizzie Bougatos drummed manically and sang notes that certainly do not exist in the scales of Western musical notation. Some took the opportunity to dance, but most in attendance were rightfully entranced by dissonant drones and syncopated rhythms, elements of music that rarely break the surface of pop, especially in such a visceral and powerful manner.

Justin Langille

Women The Clips The Bicycles Hot Panda Gang Violence The Peanut Gallery November 15

For a while, it looked like this show might not happen at all, and that, my friends, would have been a shame. Originally slated for East Van's DY Metric Studios (a venue that by some accounts holds about 80 people), the show was actually cancelled at one point. A last-minute move to the Peanut Gallery and an almost-to-late phone call to the Calgary-bound headliners saved the evening from defeat, though, and everyone rejoiced. This bill had legs from the start; Women, recently signed to "major indie" Jagjaguwar, are a bona-fide, Pitchfork-approved buzz band, and deservedly so—their self-titled debut is one of the year's best.

cont. on pg. 22>>

First things first, though. Vancouver's Gang Violence opened the proceedings in style with their stark, angular dance jams. If you've been paying attention to Disorder lately, you know how strongly we are in favour of this trio. The early start time did nothing to diminish the enthusiasm of band or crowd.

Next up was Hot Panda from Edmonton. I never really got into their debut EP and Mint Records 7", but their performance definitely improved my opinion. They were charming and enthusiastic, and a little rougher around the edges than on record. Their first full-length, slated for February 2009, will be worth checking out.

Toronto's the Bicycles were next to take the stage, pumping out song after catchy indie pop song to what was by then a packed house. Their tight vocal harmonies and general bounciness give them a '70s AM radio vibe, and although the effect is a little twee on the whole, they're unquestionably a great band if you like sugary things.

The Clips then took over the stage in what is normally their practice space. I have seen these guys in a lot of dark, smelly basements and warehouses over the past few years, and tonight was no different. They got the crowd dancing, as they always do, and seemed distinctly in their element. It's great to see them finally getting their due after a lot of hard work.

Finally, early Sunday morning, the main event began. Women took the stage, and in a word, they absolutely killed it. The band has tightened up considerably since I last saw them (at Calgary's Sled Island Festival), and they tried out some new songs, which held up well to their album material. The performance had no banter, and very few breaks in the noise, which was as it should have been. It's hard to describe Women's sound adequately. There are points of reference (the nouveau-shoegaze of No Age and Deerhunter, for example, or the cleverly interlocking guitars of Television's *Marquee Moon*), but somehow everything is made new again. Women is a band that tickles each side of your brain in turns, both familiar and unrecognizable. When they left the stage to yelps of "one more!" it was with the self-assurance of a band that knows exactly what they're doing, and whatever it is, it's good.

Alex Smith

Deerhunter

Times New Viking

Richard's on Richards

November 20

There's no denying that 2008 has been a scarlet year for Mr. Bradford Cox. Along with his successful run under the nom de plume Atlas Sound, the many hours he's put in as executive director of Deerhunter Inc. are now paying off nicely. Not only did his band release a corker of a double album, *Microwave/Weird Era Cuts*, they've also unofficially become the year's indie rock darlings, even snagging a high-profile opening spot for Nine Inch Nails along the way.

Cox and Co. must have learned a few tricks from their recent arena tour, like the importance of playing road-tested

material and, you know, songs people actually want to hear ("Nothing Ever Happened," "Lake Somerset," "Never Stops"), while avoiding the meandering experiments that account for roughly a third of their recorded output. And, like tonight, to run the show as a professional and efficient touring machine: doing away with amateur PA issues, eliminating limp banter during songs, and nixing Cox's usual melodrama and awkward stage antics. Instead, Deerhunter established the position that they are now in contention to be an indie legacy act and not just a gaggle of talented social rejects from the backwoods of Georgia.

As for openers Times New Viking, the Ohioan trio played a raw and concise set reminiscent of the early '90s glory days. Their sound fell somewhere between Swell Maps (okay, early Pavement) and the scrapper side of the Flying Nun roster. The band focused their songs around organ hooks accompanied by chugging guitar and heavy on the bass-drum, ruse and repeat. Not groundbreaking stuff, but if you missed the indie rock/lo-fi explosion the first time around, this is what it sounded like—just not as jaw-dropping and seminal as those historians would have you believe.

Adam Simpkins

Shindig #7

Shane Turner Overdrive

Barcelona Chair

Deaf to Shouting

The Railway Club

October 28

On the eve of my champagne birthday, I made my usual way down to the Railway Club. Entering the door, I was greeted by the catchy tunes of Shane Turner Overdrive. This three-piece pop outfit presented a tight, clean sound with Shane Turner from the Choir Practice and his guitar at the helm. It turned out Shane wrote the songs specially for this performance, a true testament to the spirit of Shindig. These fresh tunes were accompanied by bass and drums, forming a trio that played with ease and finesse. Shane's Deaf Cab-esque vocals spun melodies well-served by the backing musicians, leaving his solo tunes a tad lonely. As a Winnipegger, the BTO reference was comfortingly familiar, but also unfortunate.

Next up was Barcelona Chair, a guitar-violin duo who created instrumental soundscapes. Using distortion and effects, they produced washes of sound with strings and bow, assisted occasionally by pre-recorded vocals, ticks and beats. The songs were intriguing and well planned, with deliberate arcs and waves but slightly abrupt endings. While the guitarist exploited a full range of sounds, the violinist played most conventionally, contributing minimally to the overall effect despite the enormous potential of the violin. Smoother transitions and additional instruments would have definitely added to the set.

My birthday arrived to the head-banging guitar rock of sassy femmes Deaf to Shouting. These black-haired, man-tossing women played their way through a set of derivative, yet entertaining numbers. This performance produced no surprises, except for the thrash metal Nirvana cover. It is unfortunate when a cover song sticks out as the most memorable part of the set.

I toasted my champagne glass to the deserved winner, Shane Turner Overdrive, and will see you next week at Shindig.

Brenda Grunau

Shindig #8

Private Eyes

Hidden Fortress

The Magician

The Railway Club

November 4

On the eighth night of Shindig, first up we had an act that was exactly what I needed to hear. Private Eyes (formerly Body Politic) is a dude named Damon who had to play solo because his band bailed before the show. But it was better that way. Armed with a delightful voice, battered guitar and a secret weapon (a fancy new looping station), Private Eyes delivered a warm and impressive set. Although he had great backing riffs and impressive picking over top, where he got me was lyrically. I am a bit of a gearhead but this guy actually got me to listen to the words.

Next up was Hidden Fortress, a tubular DJ and MC combo. When I say tubular I mean the group acted as more of a nephron, regulating the musical PH of the night's performance. I am not super into hip-hop and I don't know a lot about flow, but I think I can identify it and these guys had flow—I think. The angry "everything burns" lyrics felt somewhat out of place given the "Yes we can" smiles on people's faces from what's his face winning down south earlier that night, but who am I to judge? Let's just call it the audacity of dope. [ed. If you're still confused he's referring to Obama.]

The last act of the night was another solo performance by a guy called the Magician. He had a keyboard and cardboard cutouts of Michael Jordan and football star Drew Bledsoe holding (with the help of tape) percussive instruments. He also, as his name might suggest, performed magic tricks, which were a tad more impressive than his tunes. In the end, though, it was enough to sway the judges who I think were stunned to see the likes of Jordan rocking out.

Gord McCullough

Shindig #9

The Stereo Three

Sunday Truckster

US US US

Railway Club

November 11

Tonight was the last show of Shindig's first round, the winner completing the semi-final lineup. In this final separation of wheat from chaff, the first to perform was the Stereo Three. The band played enthusiastic punk rock, and their friends in the audience seemed to have a good time. I am going to describe their sound as forgettable, though, because beyond that, I have pretty much forgotten what they sounded like.

Next up was a definite change of pace: Sunday Truckster was comprised of older, surly-looking rocker dudes playing sludgy, down-tuned hard rock. The singer did a reasonable version of the braying, marble-mouthed vocal delivery typical of late '90s Eddie Vedder imitators, but it all seemed a little out of place. Shindig is nominally open to any genre of music, but it tends to lean pretty heavily in the indie rock direction. In any case, Sunday Truckster didn't go over well with the college radio types, but the longhair contingent was suitably amused, and the band did hit a sort of plodding stride by the end of their set. Having more or less delivered on their promise to "rock [their] way straight to hell," Sunday Truckster gave way to US US US.

Now there are criticisms to be levelled at these youngsters: their lack of cohesiveness and overly ambitious musical ideas resulted in a confusing mess most of the time, and the guitarist resorted to some truly embarrassing *Staff*-style funk riffs, ratcheting up the cringe factor. The heck with it though: these kids were just so goddamn precious that I should probably just stop being a grumpy old bastard. Sorry, Language Arts, but US US US just won the cutest band at Shindig 2008 award. They had parent-roads, for crying out loud! Oh, and they also won the round, so if you like cute stuff, you should try to catch them in the semis (if you can tear yourself away from Puppy Cam for long enough, that is).

Alex Smith

Shindig #10

Zombie Pistolero & His Guns

Hermetic

Fur Bearing Animals

The Railway Club

November 18

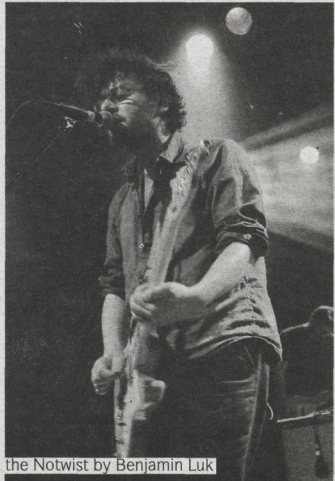
The evening got off to an introspective start courtesy of Zombie Pistolero & His Guns, a one-man, bass and drum-machine outfit who has clearly hoovered up the industrial quantities of Joy Division and early New Order. The four-song set almost began unnoticed among the audience chaff and beer-ordering, but after a glitch in the first song, he came through in the last couple with some dark bass hooks, strong melodies and confident resonant vocals. A little too low on stage presence for this night's audience, though, it seemed.

Next up was Hermetic, who upped the wattage of the evening by a noticeable degree and dragged the audience irresistibly to the front of the stage. With a short, hot set of three-minute indie punk blasts, barely taking a breather between each one, they easily became the favourites of the evening. Nothing says pure honest lo-fi joy like furious barrages of guitar chords, high energy and slightly shaky harmonies.

Last, Fur Bearing Animals, a soul-funk band with a sporadic lean to old school. If this had been a competition of how much musical equipment you could fit on the Railway Club stage, they'd have won before they'd even begun. Surprisingly well-rehearsed, delivering tight, punchy funk rhythms à la Jamiroquai, and a blistering cover of a Beastie Boys number, they definitely seemed to be having the most fun of the evening, totally owning their set and the stage.

However, in spite of some perfectly recreated music (and fashion) stylings, a dash of Vocoder vocals, glo-sticks and plenty of attempted audience interaction, Fur Bearing Animals didn't swipe the victory from Hermetic. It was a tight race, but in the end less image and more energy deserved to carry the day.

E. E. Mason



the Notwist by Benjamin Luk

under review

Beast//Sara Blackwood//Bring Me the Horizon//Down the Lees//
Glasvegas//The Great Outdoors//iNSiDEaMiND//Lioness//Ookpikk//
Sebastien Grainger & the Mountains//Shout Out Out Out &
San Serac//Mavis Staples//The Olympic Symphonium//
Adrienne Pierce///and a very Metal Xmas///

Beast

Beast
(Phantom Recordings)
It's hard to believe that there was an initial forbidding and tepidation when Beatrice Bonifassi and Jean-Phi Goncalves first decided to work together. Bonifassi is an ingenious songwriter and acclaimed vocalist known for her powerful and sensual voice. Goncalves, a drummer and electro-jazz composer, has been sought after by many bands for his musical style. Fortunately, both Bonifassi and Goncalves had an innate conviction to carry out their experimental blending of soul, rap, electro, rock and jazz.

Extensive labour and decision making was undoubtedly made by Bonifassi and Goncalves as they collaborated and produced the album over a two year period. Working together they managed to create a debut album with an authentic sound that isn't too genre specific, and will likely appeal to most listeners. Although certain tracks may seem gloomy, the well-written lyrics engage the listener. For instance, the song "Mr. Hurricane" explores the dynamics of being a victim, but possessing the autonomy to choose not to remain one. Producer Goncalves skillfully manipulates provocative sounding beats with bass, guitar and sometimes piano. Yet, with all of Goncalves technical prowess, the album would probably be void of its authenticity without Bonifassi's incredible voice.

Nick Pannu

Sarah Blackwood

Way Back Home
(Stomp Records)
Sarah Blackwood, better known as frontwoman Sarah Sin from the Ontario psychobilly band **the Creepshow**, makes her debut as a solo artist with *Way Back Home*, a country-rock album that will knock your socks off. With her acoustic guitar and clear and powerful voice, prepare to be completely immersed and captivated by the sincerity and heartfelt urgency that she pours into every word. There are many highlights on *Way Back Home*, as Blackwood expresses her emotions in their rawest form without sounding overly sentimental. At times, listening to the album is akin to reading her diary; "Trainwreck" tells the story of the singer's former drug addiction, whereas "Lonely Parade" tackles bygone love, grief and loneliness. While the lyrics are rather sad and depressing, the rhythmic strumming of the music won't get

you down; the restrained accents of the slippery, electric guitars, accordion, harmonica, bass and drums emerge from the songs as ghostly shimmers. Four years in the making, this album was worth the effort. With her strong lyrical expressions and a haunting voice that keeps you wanting more, Sarah Blackwood is set to make her mark.

Judith Walker



Bring Me the Horizon

Suicide Season
(Visible Noise/Epitaph)
Just in time for the dark and dreary Vancouver winter, hard-hitting metalcore arrives from the indie enclave of Sheffield, U.K. to provide an appropriate soundtrack for those misanthropic Mondays. Bring Me the Horizon's new disc *Suicide Season*, the follow-up to their 2006 debut *Count Your Blessings*, was recorded and produced in an isolated village in Sweden. Aggressive and visceral, the music itself gives the occasional almost pretty interlude to break it all up and knock you off balance; the cover image plays with the same adjacency—a young attractive woman holds a bloody mass of internal organs. But overall, from the first beat on the opener "The Comedown," no time is wasted in kicking off the cacophony of noise and screams, leaving the listener with little breathing room.

It's not perfect (nothing ever is), and a couple of tracks are a little on the repetitive side ("It Was Written in Blood" comes to mind, especially during the chorus). Nothing's too revolutionary here, but it's all quite well done. The production is crisp and heavy. The playing and writing, mostly pretty tight and raw. Stand out tracks are "Sleep With One Eye Open" and "Chelsea Smile."

Pyra Draculea

Down the Lees

The Guest Room
(Off White House Records)
Laura Lee Schulz's second album as Down the Lees hit stores last month and this difficult album is unlikely

to move a lot of units. Recorded in Schulz's home studio, *The Guest Room* draws heavily on influences that the fickle music public usually would not be comfortable mixing. Veteran local musician Schulz's vocals appear to be modeled on PJ Harvey, though less refined and a little reminiscent of Bif Naked's punk stylings. On most of the album her clear vocals are overtop of some fairly broody, building chords with dynamic drumbeats backing it up. These guitar and drum based tracks come across like shorter Slint songs, so you might like this if you don't find Slint boring.

There are three poppier tracks on the first half of the album ("Alone On A Thursday," "Talk Is Not Cheap," and "The Gallivant") with elegant drum machine backbeats that could be simple noodlings from L.A.'s **Dntel**. The exception is on "The Gallivant" where it breaks into an unabashed '90s rock breakdown mid-song—which ruins the whole thing—before transitioning into some muted drumbeats that would have been a nice change if they hadn't been introduced in such an awkward manner.

Can all these influences be melded together to produce something appealing? Do Slint fans like PJ Harvey and the **Postal Service**, or vice versa? These vastly different influences add up to a sound that would be off-putting to most listeners. But the very small select group of people who will like *The Guest Room* are going to like it a lot.

Jordie Yow

Glasvegas

Glasvegas
(Red Ink Music)
Over the years, the music scene in Glasgow has been fertile and diverse, so it's hard not to expect just a little bit extra from Glasgow bands than what the average indie-poppy-numbers. This is probably a bit unfair, especially when they come as instantly likeable as **Glasvegas**. Think **Belle and Sebastian** accents with the guitar sound of the **Editors**; though there's a shade less irony, and more grit in this album than there is with those bands. Glasvegas have a good ear for a gorgeous, fragile melody paired with anthemic arrangements and washes of guitar noise—best demonstrated on "It's My Own Cheating Heart That Makes Me Cry"—and though on occasion they veer slightly too close to four-chord meat-and-potatoes Brit pop, they've definitely got the hang of writing well-crafted songs

that almost anyone would like.

Aside from "Stabbed," a funeral monologue that misses being either resonant or ironic, it's good songs all the way, with no risks taken. But just when you thought that one heart-grabbingly good song was going to give way to another forever, you might start to wonder if this is all a bit chart-friendly and anodyne. You might just want a hint more character, or a smidge of variety. Glasvegas don't deliver this—frankly, they don't need to—but you get the feeling that although this is a fine album, there's still room for more.

E.E. Mason

The Great Outdoors

Fall
(DDG Records)
Fall, the third EP by the Great Outdoors, offers a consolation for summer lovers basking in the afterglow of the falling leaves and rustling sounds of this soft season. This contribution from Adam Nation and Steven Wells, who both sing and play guitar, Randy Forrester on keys, bassist Craig McCaul, and drummer Steven Wegelin, shows a softer side of the band; whose last work *Summer* was surprisingly rock for the folk-blues quintet. The album starts out with "Under the Sun," a nostalgic tune about the finality of summer and the progression of time that drifts further and further into a colder place. Frontman Nation sings "Black Water Road" with a Dylan-like intimacy that makes your eyes water. At one part in "Ten Thousand Baby Birds," while belting out lyrics about the aforementioned birds amongst a mellow plethora of bluesy sounds, the chorus gets surprisingly loud when Wells rips into "She's seen/Better days for me" while shredding his electric guitar. Final track "The Garden," contains a chorus singing, "Will you meet me in the spring time/When the rain is falling down," while the strings of a banjo are plucked almost orchestrally. While the band seems at peace with the growing cold, there's a sense of frustration and anger which is quickly followed by a redemptive softness. Overall, *Fall* has many strengths as a seasonal album, and makes the transition into colder days a little easier.

Mini Salikin

iNSiDEaMiND

Scatterplot
(Public Transit Recordings)
Although the impulse to produce a recorded musical document must be hard to resist, DJs and turntable

musicians should really think long and hard before abandoning the warmth and energy of the stage for the isolation of the studio. For a musical style so heavily based on the interaction between crowd and performer, and loaded with improvisational possibility and feats of technical ingenuity, the transition into the recorded format must be made at a certain cost. The upshot of this loss is the opportunity to make a different sort of turntable music, taking full advantage of the studio setting and the album format to arrive at something new and unexpected. While some artists have carried this off successfully (U.K.'s **Burial** comes to mind), Toronto's **iNSiDEaMiND** doesn't quite make it; producing a record that has lost the vitality of a live mix, without gaining the rewarding complexity of a full-length album.

That is not to say that there aren't successful moments on the album; a number of tracks are great examples of what's possible within the genre. In particular, "Twilight Harvest" with its crisp beat and subtle play of repetition and variation is a stand-out on the record. Unfortunately, the album as a whole fails to create any sort of coherent listening experience, and this lack of unity is only made more obvious by the awkward (and boring) interludes placed between them. While there are some great moments to be enjoyed here, they are just that: moments. When a record clocks in at nearly an hour would have been better executed as a handful of singles, it's safe to say that something has gone wrong.

Aaron Goldmann



Lioness

Lioness
(New Romantic)
Jeff Scheven and Ronnie Morris, from post-punk indie band **controller.controller**, and Vanessa Fisher of the experimental quartet **No Dynamics** are the musical genes behind *Lioness*, which first came together in 2007.

>>> on page 24

This Toronto trio blends the man-made sounds of alt-rock with electro disco to produce the unique electro-rock sound showcased in their debut self-titled EP.

Although elements of the styles heard in controller.controller and No Dynamics are reflected in Li-ones's sound, the band manages to maintain an originality by the manner in which they blend these elements together, with Fisher belting out soulful moans over the heavy bass beats and incessant electric rhythms that permeate the course of each track. From beginning to end, the sound is bellowing; the instrumentals compete with the digital beats in a battle that neither can win. With this EP, Li-ones transforms a once narrowly defined style, proving that the growing buzz surrounding their music in the past year is well warranted.

Joan Koka



OoKipkk

Total Home Job

(So Called Records)

Dan Godlovitch (a.k.a. OoKipkk) has clearly turned his Victoria home studio into a lab for the dissection and synthesis of electronic sounds of all kinds, with a mission to go beyond genre. The album kicks off with two deceptively accessible tracks—including the perfectly house-flavoured "Hair Suite"—before launching into more experimental territory with disjointed melodies, polyrhythms and a handful of satisfying dissonance. "Squire Twain, His Merry Men" plays with an onslaught of drum and bass beats, while "Wisps" and "Mr. Carnival" offer layers of chopped-up tunes bouncing off each other and the percussion patterns. "Shop Teacher" starts by machine-gunning a heavy synth bass-line which almost mutates into a hookline, while the hazier textures and stabs in the far background sound like they'd be at home on an early album from Berlin's Pole.

There's real energy in this album, and with its dominant analog-synth sound, *Total Home Job* is more engaging and less freeze-dried than a lot of electronica out there, but it sometimes misses the spaciousness of other electronica and the energy can tip over into busy-ness. That said there's plenty to enjoy here, both on the first encounter and after repeated listenings; as under the busy surface there's a lot more detail and delight to discover.

E.E. Mason

Sebastien Grainger & the Mountains

Sebastien Grainger & the Mountains (Outside Music)

Sebastien Grainger, former drum-

mer/vocalist for the short-lived but renowned dance-punk powerhouse **Death From Above 1979**, offers a collection of songs culled from the deep reaches of his soul. Largely written, mixed and recorded by himself, these recordings are glimpses into the life of a man who is turning over a new leaf and is telling the stories of the friends, enemies, lovers and experiences that have helped shape his life.

Wasting no time kicking into high gear, the album's opener, "Love Can Be So Mean," is an energized and rockin' lesson in heart-felt ethics. Things rarely let up for there, briefly breaking the pace for a funk-out nod to **Prince** on "Renegade Silence," and the stormy album closer, "Love Is Not A Contest."

Fans of **Apostle Of Hustle** or **Broken Social Scene** may hear some similarities, but will be pleased to discover an album that stands alone. While a bit unruly and dirty under the collar, Sebastien Grainger's efforts are a breath of fresh air. Straying slightly from the heavier stuff he has worked on in the past, these are solid, anthemic tracks from a talented musician dipping his musical toes back into the water. And while he has stated that this album is simply a beginning stage, it's a new stage of musical progression and a welcome one at that.

Nathan Pike

Shout Out Out Out Out & San Serac

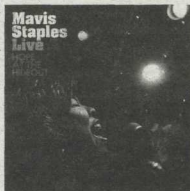
In The End It's Your Friends

(Normals Welcome Records)

This release emerges from the teamwork of Canada's dankest electro sextet **Shout Out Out Out Out**, and their touring pal **San Serac**. The EP includes the title track "In The End It's Your Friends" by SOOOO, and San Serac's reworking of the **Shalamar** disco classic "Friends," plus remixes of each. SOOOO remain faithful to their generally bleakly lyrical world view. "In The End It's Your Friends" drills home an urgent warning to "Beware, because in the end it's your friends that will fuck you over." Lyrics aside, the music does not encourage such gloominess, as the listener is provided with steady electronic beats, heavily layered with robotic vocoder vocals, four bass guitars, two drummers and enough synths to sink a small pleasure craft. In musical terms, all songs showcase a similar electro-tech-house sound, but from a lyrical perspective they are completely different.

The vocals in San Serac's electro-funk version of "Friends" bounce along with the beat and include a more positive view on friendship, reflected through lyrics like "If I had a dollar for every time/They have stood by my side and things turned out right/I would be a millionaire, and my wealth they would share/ Because I'd be nowhere without my friends." If you're into electronica, or open to new music, keep your ears open because this is just a taste of the future, with the new full length album by SOOOO being released early 2009.

Judith Walker



Mavis Staples

Mavis Staples Live: Hope At The Hideout

(Anti-Records)

While good music can arguably be produced anywhere, finding the right location is definitely an asset to producing a great recording. Where live performance is concerned, it's absolutely critical. Any one who's been to a few live shows will attest to the difference it makes to a show's success when the musicians are in their element. This is the inherent charm of a live album; there's a rare and precious magic about being able to recreate a moment in which a performer connects with the audience.

That magic is present in spades on *Mavis Staples Live: Hope At The Hideout*, a release of 14 songs performed in a club in her hometown of Chicago. There's something of the home court advantage in the album's tone; Mavis sounds genuinely excited to be there, and she communicates her energy to a wonderful degree. For a woman who is used to performing to packed stadiums, she has a remarkable gift for channeling her big sound and bigger presence into an audience that can't be more than a couple hundred people. The funny, revival meeting-tinged stories she tells between songs are the perfect counterpoint for her guttural, **Solomon Burke**-esque growl.

Possibly the best aspect of *Hope At The Hideout* is being able to hear the audience respond to the music. Whenever the band reaches a certain emotional pitch, the crowd pays it back in full with outpourings of excitement and love—or simply with their reverent, undivided attention. During the war-timed "Waiting For My Child," when Mavis steps away from the mic to croak the line, "If you can't come home/Won't you please send me a letter," you can practically hear the goose bumps rising on every person in the audience.

Miranda Martini



The Olympic Symphony

More In Sorrows Than In Anger

(Forward Music Group)

Sometimes collaborations between established musicians can fall flat when attempting to create a distance

from the full-time bands they're involved with. Other times they manage to create something gorgeous that is worthy of the public's attention. It appears that Frederickton, N.B.'s **Olympic Symphony** falls into the latter category with the release of their second album, *More In Sorrows Than In Anger*.

Originally conceived as a means to explore a softer side of music and as a reprieve from their higher energy bands **Share** and **Grand Theft Bus**, Nick Cobham, Kyle Cunjank and Graeme Walker have recorded an album that is nothing short of beautiful. Tender, lush and ultimately calming, *More In Sorrows* takes the listener on a gently winding journey through a collection of musical styles that demonstrate both diversity and talent, with members sharing vocal duties and a steady rotation of instruments.

Opening with the piano and guitar laced acoustic number "You Win Some, You Lose Some," the tone is set for the next 38 minutes of easily digestible meanderings into various genres, such as the country-themed "Blood From A Stone," the folk-pop feel of "Intentions Alone," and the sad, darkened introspection of "Through The Day." With a sound similar to the small town, backwoods sensibilities of **Iron and Wine** and **Great Lake Swimmers**, *More In Sorrows* is a warm satisfying album that merits repeated listening during these cold, blustery days of winter.

Nathan Pike



Adrienne Pierce

Winter

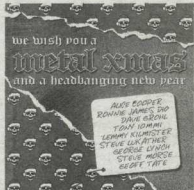
(Insect Girl Records)

It is fitting that Adrienne Pierce was born the day prior to Christmas Eve, as her new EP *Winter* invokes the happier side of the snowy season. Rather than embarking upon a tirade against materialism, Pierce makes her point by sweetly singing about the non-commercial traditions of Christmas. The opening track, "All That We Want" is an ode to baking Christmas cookies, while "Raise Our Voices Up" and "Joy is Within Reach" celebrate the simple pleasures of building snowmen, stringing lights and caroling.

Containing four original songs and two covers, *Winter* is an endearing accolade to the innocence of childhood and the comfort of continuing to believe in magic; subject matter alluded to on fourth track "Making Angels." Although the 1968 classic, "Put A Little Love in Your Heart" has been covered multiple times before, Pierce's reinterpretation coalesces with the rest of the album so well, the song could be her own. Aside from being much too short, if there was one

blip on this otherwise stellar offering, it is the cover of Peanuts classic "Christmas Time Is Here," which is delightfully charming and quirky for the first few listens, but becomes a bit tiresome when the disc is on constant play—a reality for a release this enjoyable. Resonating with good cheer, this celebration of snowflakes and ruddy cheeked wholesomeness will be playing well into spring thaw.

Melissa Smith



Various Artists

We Wish You A Metal Xmas and A Headbanging New Year

(Armoury Records)

Unlike most compilation discs, *Metal Xmas* does not feature any bands, but includes 28 musicians who form into either quartets or quintets to offer some serious holiday tuncage. Spanning the likes of **Anthrax**, **Megadeth** and **Queensrÿche**, the commonality amongst these purveyors of seasonal mayhem is that most of them are middle aged white men with a long history in the genre, although there are also a limited number of younger musicians and a few from outside the metal community.

The most interesting tracks are also the more friendly of the bunch. The second track on the disc, offered by the only trio, is by far the best, as **Motörhead** vocalist Lemmy is accompanied by guitarist Billy Gibbons from **ZZ Top** and Dave Grohl of **Nirvana/Foo Fighters** on drums to offer a bluesy version of "Run Rudolph Run." Track six offers a lovely, restrained version of "Little Drummer Boy," which is not surprising, as featured drummer Simon Phillips has drummed the spectrum from **Toto** to **Judas Priest**. While the cover of **John Lennon** and **Yoko Ono**'s "Happy Xmas (War is Over)" does not succeed in the almost insurmountable task of surpassing the grandeur of the original, taken on its own, it is a pleasant offering to wind things down and conclude the disc.

However, if you feel a bit of the bad Santa coming on, proceed directly to track eight for a thrash metal version of "Silent Night" delivered by Chuck Billy of **Testament**. For extra effect, hurling yourself at the walls while screaming, "Come dance with me grandma" should achieve the desired effect of clearing the house or getting your self sanctioned. Either way, you'll be away from your family, and truthfully, isn't that what we all want for Christmas?

Melissa Smith

strictly the dopest hits of the whole year

[illegible]

#	Artist	Album	Label
51	Nihilist Spasm Band*	Live @ Western Front	Independent
52	Hank Pine & Lily Fawn*	North America	Independent
53	Fuck Buttons	Street Horrising	ATP
54	Mahjongg	Kontpab	K
55	Kellarisa**	Flamingo	Mint
56	Various*	I Ate Your Legs	Thankless
57	Bison B.C.**	Quiet Earth	Metal Blade
58	Parallels**	Arms To Hold You	La Ti Da
59	Dandi Wind*	Yolk of the Golden Egg	Summer Lovers Un- limited
60	Ghost House**	The Old Ghost House	Reluctant
61	Stolen Minks*	High Kicks	New Romance
62	Rosebuds	Life Like	Merge
63	Love Is All	A Hundred Things Keep Me Up at Night	Whats Your Rupture?
64	King Khan & the Shrines	The Supreme Genius of...	Vice
65	Blood on the Wall	Liferz	The Social Registry
66	Portishead	Third	Go!
67	The High Dials*	Moon Country	Independent
68	The Penguins**	Had To Be	Independent
69	What's Wrong Tohei?*	s/t	Independent
70	Cut Copy	In Ghost Colors	Modular
71	Jay Reatar	Matador Singles '08	Matador
72	Ghost Bees*	Tassecomancy	Youth Club
73	M83	Saturdays=Youth	Mute
74	Jad Fair & Naofumi Ishi- maru	Half Monster	Misc.
75	Adam & the Amethysts*	Amethyst Amulet	Pome
76	Quintron	Too Thirsty For Love	Goner
77	Cancerbats*	Birthing the Giant	Distort
78	Flat Duo Jets	Two Headed Cow	Chicken Ranch
79	Ramblin' Ambassadors*	Vista Cruiser Country Squire	Mint
80	Laura Barrett*	Victory Garden	Paper Bag
81	Beach House	Devotion	Carpark
82	Steinski	What Does It All Mean? 1983-2006 Retrospective	Illegal Art
83	Boris	Smile	Southern Lord
84	Goldfrapp	Seventh Tree	Mute
85	Fembots*	Calling Out	Weewerk
86	Coconut Coolours	Party Time Machine	Xeroid
87	All Girl Summer Fun Band	Looking Into It	AGSFB
88	Flight of the Conchords	s/t	Sub Pop
89	Various*	Unity: A Tribute to Des- mond Dekker	Bacteria Buffet
90	Crystal Anders	s/t EP	Touch and Go
91	The Consonant C*	Capes & Crowns	The Summerwood Warren
92	Tokyo Police Club*	Elephant Shell	Saddle Creek
93	El Perro Del Mar	From the Valley to the Stars	Control Group
94	Man Man	Rabbit Habits	Anti
95	Thao with the Get Down Stay Down	We Brave Bee Stings and All	Kill Rock Stars
96	Forest City Lovers	Haunting Moon Sinking	Out of this Spark
97	Sudden Infant Dance Syndrome*	2 Many Babes	Melodiya
98	The Art Department	s/t	Independent
99	James Pants	Welcome	Stones Throw
100	Hercules & Love Affair	s/t	Mute

CiTR 101.9 FM program guide

You can listen to CiTR online at www.citr.ca

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	
6am		BBC (News)	Pacific Pickin (Roots)	BBC (News)	BBC (News)	BBC (News)	BBC (News)	6am
7	BBC (News)							7
8			Give em The Boot (World)	Suburban Jungle (Eclectic)	End Of The World (Talk)	Fill In		8
9	Tana Radio (World)	Breakfast With The Browns (Eclectic)				Synchronicity (Talk)	The Saturday Edge (Roots)	9
10	Shookta (Talk)		Third Time's The Charm (Rock)	Fill In	Sweet And Hot (Jazz)	Ska-Ts Scenic Drive (Ska)		10
11	Kol Nodedi (World)	Ground Control (Ecl)	Morning After Show (Eclectic)	Anoize (Noise)	Duncans Donuts (Eclectic)	These Are The Breaks (Hip-hop)	Generation Anihilation (Punk)	11
12pm	The Rockers Show (Reggae)	Alt Radio (Talk)						12pm
1		Parts Unknown (Pop)	Laugh Tracks (Talk)	The Green Majority (Talk)	We All Fall Down (Eclectic)	The Broadcast (Dance)	Power Chord (Metal)	1
2			Wings (Talk)	Democracy Now (Talk)	Ink Studs (Talk)	Radio Zero (Eclectic)		2
3	Blood On The Saddle (Roots)	Shameless (Eclectic)	Lets Get Baked (Talk)	Rumbletone Radio A Go Go (Rock)	Crimes And Treasons (Hip-hop)	Nardwuar Presents (Nardwuar)	Code Blue (Roots)	3
4	Chips (Pop)	Saint Tropez (Pop)	The Rib (Ecl)	Prof Talk (Talk)				4
5			Weners BBQ (Sports)	Arts Report (Talk)	Fill In	News 101 (Talk)	The Leo Ramirez Show (World)	5
6	Queer FM (Talk)	Some Sound (Indie)	Son Of Nite (Eclectic)	Flex Your Head (Hardcore)	And Sometimes (Pop/Ecl)	Sam-squanch (Ecl)	Nasha Volna (World)	6
7			Radio Free Gak (Indie)		Stereoscopic Redoubt (Rock)		Shadow Jugglers (Dance)	7
8	Rhythms (World)	All Awesome (Ecl)		Folk Oasis (Roots)	Exquisite Corpse (Experimental)	UBC Thunderbirds Sports (Sports)		8
9	Mondo Trashed (Ecl)		Fill In		Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell (Live)		Synaptic Sandwich (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)	9
10	Transcendence (Dance)	The Jazz Show (Jazz)		Juicebox (Talk)		Shake A Tail Feather (Soul/R&B)	Beats From The Basement (Hip Hop)	10
11				Hans Kloss Misery Hour (Hans Kloss)	Fill In	I Like The Scribbles (Eclectic)		11
12am		Vangance Is Mine (Punk)						12am
1								1
2	CiTR Rebroadcast		CiTR Rebroadcast		Aural Tentacles (Eclectic)		CiTR Rebroadcast	2
3		CiTR Rebroadcast		CiTR Rebroadcast		CiTR Rebroadcast		3
4								4
5								5

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO
(World) 9-10am
SHOOKSHOOKTA
(Talk) 10-11am

A program targeted to Ethiopian people that aims at encouraging education and personal development in Canada.

KOL NODEDI
(World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners, and voids... East Asia. South Asia. Africa. The Middle East. Europe. Latin America. Gypsy. Fu-

sion. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
(Reggae) 12-3pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
(Roots) 3-5pm
Real cowshit-caught-in-yeer boots country.

SHAMELESS
(Eclectic) 5-6pm
Dedicated to giving any local music act in Vancouver a crack at some airplay. When not playing the PR shtick, you

can hear some faves you never knew you liked.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
(Pop) 5-6pm

British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet-set holiday now!

SAINT TROPEZ
(Pop) 5-6pm
Welcome to St. Tropez! Play-ing underrated music from several decades!

st.tropez101.9@gmail.com

QUEER FM

(Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

queerfmradio@gmail.com

RHYTHMSINDIA
(World) 8-9pm
Rhythmsindia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

ALL AWESOME IN YOUR EARS

(Eclectic) 8-9pm
MONDO TRASHO
(Eclectic) 9-10pm
The one and the only Mondo Trashed with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it! **TRANSCENDANCE**
(Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.

transcendance@botmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
(Eclectic) 8-11am

Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights. breakfastwiththebrowns@botmail.com
GROUND CONTROL
(Eclectic) 11-12pm
Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdote focusing on the here, the now, and

the next week.

<beckres@gmail.com>
ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Talk) 12-1pm

Hosted by David Barsamian.

PARTS UNKNOWN

(Pop) 1-3pm

Parts Unknown, an indie

pop show that has been on

CITR since 1999, is like a

marshmallow sandwich: soft

and sweet and best enjoyed

when poked with a stick and

held close to a fire.

LET'S GET BAKED

(Talk) 3-4pm

Vegan baking with 'rock

stars' like Laura Peck, the

Food Jammers, Knock

Knock Ginger, the Superfan-

tastics and more.

THE RIB

(Electric) 4-5pm

Explore the avant-garde

world of music with host

Robyn Jacob on the Rib.

From new electronic and

experimental music to im-

provvised jazz and new clas-

sical! So weird it will blow

your mind!

NEWS 101

(News/Talk) 5-5:30pm

Vancouver's only live, volun-

teer-produced student and

community newscast. Every

week, we take a look back at

the week's local, national and

international news, as seen

from a fully independent

media perspective.

CAREER FAST TRACK

(Talk) 5:30-6pm

SOME SOUND

(Indie/Rock) 6-7:30pm

SON OF NITE DREAMS

(Talk) 6-7:30pm

Join jolly John Tanner, radio

survivor for almost half a

century now heard alternat-

ing Mondays with an eclec-

tic musical mix of many eras

from the '50s to today.

RADIO FREE GAK

(Indie/Rock) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW

(Jazz) 9pm-12am

Vancouver's longest running

prime-time jazz program.

Hosted by the ever suave,

Garvin Walker. Features at

11pm.

Dec. 8: "Before Dawn" flut-

ist/saxophonist Yusef Lateef.

Dec. 15: "Green Street" gui-

tarist Grant Green

Dec. 22: The Christmas Jazz

Show: "The Miles Davis

All-Stars Christmas Eve

1954"

Dec. 29: "Outward Bound"

Eric Dolphy.

Jan. 5: "Lenox Avenue

Breakdown" saxophonist Ar-

thur Blythe.

Jan. 12: "Brass Shout" trum-

peter Art Farmer.

Jan. 19: "Batiik" guitarist

Ralph Townier, plus guests,

The October Trio.

Jan. 26: "Fellini 712" The

Kenny Clarke-Francy Bo-

land Big Band

VENGEANCE IS MINE

(Punk) 12-2am

Going on eight years strong,

this is your home for all the

best of the world of punk rock

has to offer.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

(Roots) 6-8am

Bluegrass, old-time music,

and its derivatives with Ar-

thur and the lovely Andrea

Berman.

<pacifpickin@yahoo.com>

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT

(World) 8-9:30am

Sample the various flavours

of Italian folk music. Una

programma bilingue che es-

plora il mondo della musica

folk italiana.

THIRD TIME'S THE

CHARM

(Rock) 9:30-11:30am

Open your ears and prepare

for a shock! A harmless note

may make you a fan! Dead-

lier than the most dangerous

criminal!

<bornisixtynine@hotmail.com>

MORNING AFTER

SHOW

(Electric) 11:30am-1pm

An eclectic mix of indie with

rock, experimental, world,

reggae, punk and ska from

Canada, Latin America and

Europe. Local bands play

live on the Morning After

Sessions.

AUGUST TRACKS

(Talk) 1-2pm

Laugh Tracks is a show

about comedy. Kliph Nes-

teroff, from the 'zine Gen-

eration Exploitation, hosts.

<generationsexploitation@yahoo.com>

MUSICAL BOOT @YABOO.CA

WINGS

(Talk) 2-2:30pm

REEL TO REAL

(Talk) 2:30-3pm

Movie reviews and criticism.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY

NEWS

(Talk) 3-4pm

A national radio service and

part of an international net-

work of information and ac-

tion in support of indigenous

peoples' survival and dignity.

PROF TALK

(Talk) 4-4:30

Radio that gets professors

talking at UBC.

WENER'S BARBEQUE

(Sports) 4:30-6pm

Tune in each week to hear

Daryl Wener talk about the

world of sports. I'll discuss

everything from the Vancou-

ver Canucks to the World

Rock Paper Scissors Cham-

ionship. <ethanwener@

hotmail.com>

FLEX YOUR HEAD

(Hardcore) 6-8pm

Punk rock and hardcore

since 1989. Bands and

guests from around the

world.

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

(Electric) 8-10am

Live from the Jungle Room,

join radio host Jack Velvet

for an eclectic mix of music,

sound bites, information and

inanity. Not to be missed!

<dj@jackvelvet.net>

ANOIZE (Noise) 11:30am-

1pm

An hour and a half of avant

rock, noise, plunderphonic,

psychedelic, and outsider as-

pects of audio. An experience

for those who want to be

educated and EArinated.

<lukemeat@hotmail.com>

THE GREEN MAJORITY

(Talk) 1-2pm

DEMOCRACY NOW

(Talk) 2-3pm

RUMBLETONE RADIO

A GO GO

(Rock) 3-5pm

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage

mayhem!

ARTS REPORT

(Talk) 5-5:30pm

CANADIAN VOICES

(Talk) 5:30-6:30pm

AND SOMETIMES

WHY

(Pop/Electric) 6:30-8pm

First Wednesday of every

month.

SAMSQUANTCH'S

HIDEAWAY

(Electric) 6:30-8pm

All-Canadian music with a

focus on indie-rock/pop.

<antibinder@hotmail.com>

FOLK OASIS

(Roots) 8-10pm

Two hours of eclectic folk/

roots music, with a big em-

phasis on our local scene.

C'mon in! A kumbaya-free

zone since 1997.

<folkoasis@gmail.com>

JUICEBOX

(Talk) 10-11PM

Developing sexual health, ex-

pressing diversity, celebrating

queerness and encouraging

pleasure at all stages. <www.

juiceboxradio.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY

HOUR

(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am

This is pretty much the best

thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD

NEWS

(Talk) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT

(Jazz) 10-12pm

Sweet dance music and hot

jazz from the 1920s, '30s and

'40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

(Electric) 12-1pm

Sweet treats from the pop

underground. Hosted by

Duncan, sponsored by don-

uts. <duncansdonuts.word-

press.com>

WE ALL FALL DOWN

(Electric) 1-2pm

Punk rock, indie pop and

whatever else I deem worthy.

Hosted by a closet nerd.

<www.weallfalldown.citr.

blogspot.ca>

INK STUDS

(Talk) 2-3pm

Ink Studs focusses on un-

derground and indie comix.

Each week, we interview a

different creator to get their

unique perspective on comix

and discuss their own inter-

esting and upcoming works.

CRIMES & TREASONS

(Hip-hop) 3-5pm

<crimesandtreasons@gmail.

com>

STEREOSCOPIC RE-

DOUBT

(Rock) 6-7:30pm

Psychadelic, acid punk,

freakbeat, prog and other

grotesque and socially re-

levant artifacts from 1965 to

today, with a particular em-

phasis on Vancouver's freak

flag with pride. <www.mys-

pace.com/sterescopicredoubt>

EXQUISITE CORPSE

(Experimental) 7:30-9pm

Experimental, radio-art,

sound collage, field record-

ings, etc.

Recommended for the in-

sane.

<artcorpie@yahoo.com>

LIVE FROM THUN-

DERBIRD RADIO

HELL

(Live Music) 9-11pm

Featuring live band(s) every

week performing in the

CITR Lounge. Most are

from Vancouver, but some-

times bands from across

the country and around the

world are nice enough to

dual by to say 'Hi'.

AURAL TENTACLES

(Electric) 12-6am

It could be, global, trance,

spoken word, rock, the un-

usual and the weird, or it

could be something different.

Hosted by DJ Pierre.

<auraltentacles@hotmail.com>

FRIDAY

SYNCHRONICITY

(Talk) 9-10am

Join host Marie B and dis-

cuss spirituality, health and

feeling good. Tune in and

tap in to good vibrations

that help you remember why

you're here: to have fun! This

is not your average spiritual-

ity show.

SKA-TM'S SCENIC DRIVE

(Ska) 10am-12pm

Canada's longest running

Ska radio

ETERNAL SONIC RENEWAL

Raise your glass with Zulu and celebrate this year's musical feast!
STAFF TOP 10's OF 2008 In no particular order, here's what rocked our year!
 All regular priced staff picks on sale 10% OFF until January 31st, 2009.

VICKI

THE MODELOS - Saddle Justice
 HOLLY GLOUGHTLY & THE BROKEOFFS - Dirt Don't Hurt
 KING KHAN & THE SHRINES - The Supreme Genius Of...
 GIANT SAND - Provisions
 BELLE AND SEBASTIAN - The BBC Sessions
 HOYT AXTON - My Griffin Is Gone Reissue
 TOWNES VAN ZANDT - s/t Reissue
 Various Artists - TROPICALIA OU PANIS ET CIRCEIS
 Soundtrack - BROTHERMAN
 CHARLIE FEATHERS - Wild Side of Life Reissue



MARK E.

HOLLY GLOUGHTLY & THE BROKEOFFS - Dirt Don't Hurt
 ONRA - Chinolseries
 GROUPEUR - Dragging A Dead Deer Up A Hill
 MARINE STERN - This is it and I am it and you are it...
 BLACK MOUNTAIN - In The Future
 DANAVA - Unonou
 KING KHAN & THE SHRINES - The Supreme Genius Of...
 FENNEZ - The Black Sea
 THREE OH SEES - The Master's Bedroom Is Worth Spending A Night In
 RODRIGUEZ - Cold Fact Reissue



MARK R.

NU SENSEA - s/t One Sided LP
 ONRA - Chinolseries
 THE HOSPITALS - Hairdryer Peace
 THREE OH SEES - The Master's Bedroom Is Worth Spending A Night In
 TWIN CRYSTALS - Two Girls Seven Inch WAVVES - s/t
 MAGIC LANTERN - s/t and High Beams
 SUTCLIFFE JÜGEND/PRIURENT - End Of Autumn
 DANIEL MENCHE - Body Melt
 LAZY SMOKE - Corridor Of Faces Reissue



DANIEL

VALENT - Naked Acid
 RODRIGUEZ - Cold Fact Reissue
 THE ALPS - III
 NUJGE - Infinity Padlock
 BLANK DOGS - On Two Sides
 BECK - Modern Guit
 TINDERSTICKS - The Hungry Saw
 SIC ALPS - U.S. Ex
 GROUPEUR - Dragging A Dead Deer Up A Hill
 WINDY WEBER - I Hate People



JOHNNY

DESTROYER - Trouble In Dreams
 BEACH HOUSE - Devotion
 NEIL YOUNG - Sugar Mountain: Live at Canterbury House 1968
 SHE & HIM - Volume 1
 BECK - Modern Guit
 SILVER JEWEL - Lookout Mountain, Lookout Sea
 BOB DYLAN - Tell Tale Signs Bootleg Series Vol. 8
 DENNIS WILSON - Pacific Ocean Blue (Reissue)
 KELARISSA - Flamingo
 RANDY NEWMAN - Harps and Angels



JOSH

ALBU NOTO - Unitxt
 ADUSTIC DAUGHTERS - Uneasy Flowers
 CHOP SHOP - Ocidie
 NU SENSEA - s/t one-sided 12
 OSCILLATING INWARDS - Nadir Emergence
 PORTISHEAD - Third Reissue
 REVENGE - Infiltration, Downfall, Death...
 MARINE STERN - This is it and I am it and you are it...
 U.S. GIRLS - Introducing
 WHITEHOUSE - Erector LP reissue



ERIN

RODRIGUEZ - Cold Fact Reissue
 BLACK MOUNTAIN - In the Future
 SPIRES THAT IN THE SUNSET RISE - Curse
 THE TRACED BIRD
 GROUP INERANE - Guitars of Agadez
 DANAVA - Unonou
 KELARISSA - Flamingo
 FIFTY FOOT HOSE - Cauldron Reissue
 SHE & HIM - Volume 1
 GROUPEUR - Dragging A Dead Deer Up A Hill
 DIPLO VS. SANTOGOLD - Top Ranking Mixtape



SAELAN

PORTISHEAD - 3rd
 GROUPEUR - Dragging A Dead Deer Up A Hill
 CHAD VANGAALAN - Soft Airplane
 MOUNT EERIE WITH JULIE DOIRON AND FRED SQUIRE - Lost Wisdom
 GANG GANG DANCE - Saint Dymphna
 DEPARTMENT OF EAGLES - In Ear Park
 LYKKE LI - Youth Novels
 ATLAS SOUND - Let the Blind Lead Those Who See But Cannot Feel
 GAL COSTA - 1969 reissue
 FLYING LOTUS - Los Angeles



MELANIE

ABE VICOGA - Skeleton
 THE DUTCHESS AND THE DUKE - Shes The Dutchess
 Hes the Duke
 JAY REATARD - Matador
 Singles 08
 ATLAS SOUND - Let the Blind Lead Those Who Can See but Cannot Feel
 SILVER JEWEL - Lookout Mountain Lookout Sea
 V/A - EMERGENCY ROOM VOLUME 1
 SHE & HIM - Volume 1
 DESTROYER - Trouble In Dreams
 VANCOUVER - Canadian Tuxedo
 TIMES NEW VIKING - Rip it Off



JILL

CHAD VANGAALAN - Soft Airplane
 DEPARTMENT OF EAGLES - In Ear Park
 MAX RICHTER - 24 postcards in full colour
 VAMPIRE WEEKEND - s/t
 MOUNT EERIE WITH JULIE DOIRON & FRED SQUIRE - Lost Wisdom
 THE CRACKLING - Keep Full Ambitious
 BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY - Lie Down In The Light
 HELLO, BLUE ROSES - The Portrait Is Finished And I Have Failed To Capture Your Beauty...
 NO AGE - Mouns
 RON IVER - For Emma, Forever Ago



NICOLAS

MAX RICHTER - 24 Postcards in Full Colour
 HELLO, BLUE ROSES - The Portrait Is Finished and I Have Failed...
 BLACK MOUNTAIN - In The Future
 DEVON WILLIAMS - Carefree
 SILVER JEWEL - Lookout Mountain Lookout Sea
 FENNEZ - The Black Sea
 RODNEY GRAHAM - Why Look For Good Times?
 AIDAN BAKER TIM HECKER - Fantasma Parastasio
 LAMBCHOP - OH
 SHE & HIM - Volume 1



BRADY

BLACK MOUNTAIN - In The Future
 DEERHUNTER - Microcaste
 DESTROYER - Trouble In Dreams
 HARVEY MILK - Life...The Best Game In Town
 KELLARISSA - Flamingo
 MESHUGGANA - Obzen
 PORTISHEAD - Third
 SINGER - Unholytown
 YOUNG WIDOWS - Old Wounds
 Various - VANCOUVER 2K7



PLUS WE WELCOME YR TOP TEN!!

Zulu's Top Ten CONTEST!!

Rules: Pick your fave 10 releases that must be from 2008.

Enter at Zulu - and you could win a \$50 Gift Certificate.

NAME:

PH:

EMAIL:

MY TOP TEN OF THE YEAR!!

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.
- 10.

All entries will be posted on our website in January 2009!

All entries must be received by December 31st, 2008.

ZULU'S EXTENDED HOLIDAY HOURS

Shop 'til you drop - we are open late.

Thurs Dec 18th

Tues Dec 23rd

OPEN TIL 9PM

Wed Dec 24th

OPEN TIL 6PM

Thurs Dec 25th CLOSED

Fri Dec 26th BOXING DAY

BASH 9AM-6PM

ZULU ART

Dinko!

Tangiene Pohlko

December 1-January 15



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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00

Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00

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Sun 12:00-6:00